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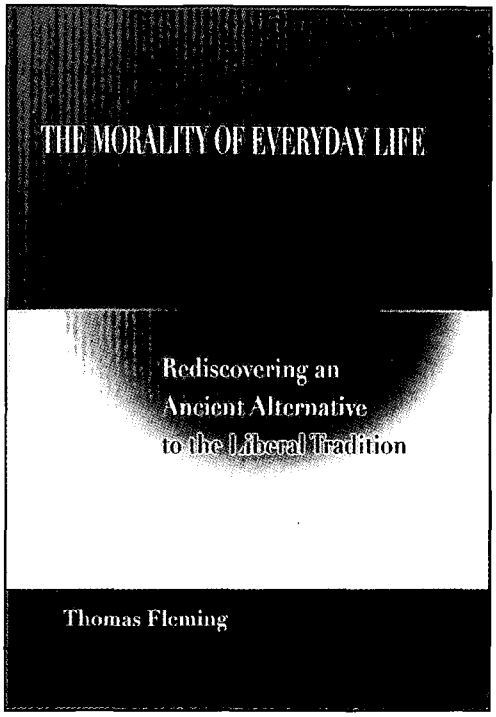

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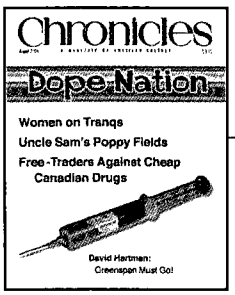

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On Immigration Reform

The glory of our greatest strength, "diversity," loses its luster as you drive from Nogales, Arizona, up to the scenic Northland. Traveling north, you notice fewer bars on the windows of businesses and homes, as well as a general reduction in the Australopithecine recycling practices so aptly described by Chilton Williamson, Jr., in his book *The Immigration Mystique*. It appears that Aztlan, when it finally triumphs by way of demographics, will at the very least be a consolidated mosaic of rampant crime, trash, fully loaded diapers, abandoned cars, patron politics, and other examples of Latin American "self-determination" stretching from Mexico City all the way to Denver. As I stew about what is happening to the Southwest, I am faced with a dilemma: Should I move south and jump into the front lines with Ranch Rescue or some other such organization or head as far north as I can, only to look forward to a face-off with our Islamic brethren sneaking across the Canadian border?

Thus, it was refreshing to read Peter Brimelow's upbeat "we can do it again" account ("Real Reform," *Vital Signs*, May). The fly in the ointment is there in the form of the 14th Amendment, however, which cannot be defanged by simply tinkering with the Citizenship Clause. In the midst of our current celebration of 50 years of Earl Warren-esque 14th Amendment applications, we should reflect that the teleocratic "civil religion" of the 14th Amendment, which makes citizens into subjects in the name of "one people" (not "peoples"), will prevent, in quasitheocratic fashion, any popular uprising from taking hold. The 14th Amendment itself ensures that we will not be able, as Mr. Brimelow suggests, to "do it again."

Eliminating the 14th Amendment's Citizenship Clause will not ameliorate the immigration mess or return us to republican government. This "cure" is not enough. Besides, "cures" initiated by an essentially iatrogenic therapy state should make us run for cover. The same postmodern politicos who disbelieve in Creation as a basis of legitimate authority yet quack about "the consent of the governed" have made convalescence an enduring way of life in every sphere. (Have you hugged your therapist/reformer/storm trooper today?) No, we must excise this political cyst that grants legitimacy to usurpation of local authority. A good place to start is by never letting up in the fight to teach our populace the real history of this never-legitimately-ratified amendment, which allows the national government to define what the very bulwark against it will be. Mass immigration would not be the problem it is if it were not protected by the 14th Amendment's war against constitutional democracy—whereby liberty is defined by community and arbitrary, centralized authority is prevented, through constitutional means, from usurping power.

When natural community is constantly abridged and corrupted by the absolute democracy of termite-mound demographics "legitimized" by avant-garde political theory that protects the cypher-citizen from "States [making or enforcing] any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens [*sic*] of the United States," community is simply a "construct" whose definition is up to the whims of the normative authority of the state. This is not mere philosophizing. There have been people living on the border of Mexico who have been accused of threatening the "civil rights" of "immigrants" who have trashed their property and terrorized their neighbors simply because they detained the invaders until the border patrol could get there. The "universitas" sentiment of the 14th Amendment is at work here, paving the way for the great monochrome diversity of "world citizenship," and, until the 14th Amendment is repealed, there can be no recourse for actual U.S citizens to make or enforce immigration laws that work.

—*Tom Sheeley*
Flagstaff, AZ

Mr. Brimelow Replies:

I sympathize with Mr. Sheeley's point. The problem can hardly be the 14th Amendment alone, however, since the cutoff of the 1920's, which ended the 1880-1920's "First Great Wave" of mass immigration, was obviously enacted long after the 14th Amendment was ratified. The revolutionary Warren Court, and

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subsequent rampant judicial imperialism, should more properly be the focus of our attention. There is no doubt that any attempt by Americans to stop the abolition of their nation-state will now be met with entrenched judicial (and bureaucratic) opposition. I think it should be remembered, however, that judicial imperialism contains the seeds of its own destruction. It depends, for its effectiveness, on the popular consent built up by generations of legitimate legal interpretation. Once that popular consent is withdrawn, because of the dawning realization that the judiciary is behaving lawlessly, the courts' magic evaporates. Their decisions can be reversed by statute or, if necessary, by constitutional amendment. All that is wanting is the will. Whether the 14th Amendment as currently written will be reformed in this process seems to me to be an interesting question, ultimately dependent on how extreme and intransigent the immigration enthusiasts get.

On Last Rides

I appreciated very much Scott P. Richert's comments on what passes nowadays for American identity and how we wound up with rootless, abstract notions of "Americanism" ("Last Ride," *The Rockford Files*, May). Referring to the Americanization campaigns of the past, Mr. Richert pointed out that "It is relatively easy, in a modern, affluent, industrial society with a strong public-school system, to strip people of their ethnic identities." What the Americanizers failed to realize, however, was that their own sense of identity was already being undermined; The Pledge of Allegiance, Hollywood, and Irving Berlin, themselves thin gruel next to the organic patriotism that sustains real nations over time, were already being replaced by something even thinner, a globalized anticulture ("the unholy trinity of Microsoft, Wal-Mart, and McDonald's") that wasn't really American at all. I can only wince when conservative pundits crow about the spread of "American culture" and alleged "American values" around the globe. We shouldn't have had any problems figuring out "why they hate us," especially when the "unholy trinity" is being forced down the throats of "undeveloped nations" by the Pentagon.

Mainstream conservatives often lament the lack of assimilation by the ongoing flood of immigrants, but I wonder just what it is they would have them assimilate to—the "unholy trinity"? The nonstop pornography that is "American" pop culture? The abortion cult? The views of the "liberal media" that most who are on the right love to hate? This kind of intellectual and emotional confusion has done more to facilitate the seizure of the "conservative movement" by neoconservative leftists than all the machinations of all the Kristols and Podhoretzes in Manhattan and Washington could muster. What we are left with is a post-America "unprepared for the multicultural invasion" to which Mr. Richert refers—and, thus, an easy mark for the neocon globalists' flag-waving. In post-America, if young males don't become John Walker Lindh clones, they can aspire to be jingo windbags (like, say, Toby Keith), straight guys with queer eyes (if not "sexual preferences"), or "gangstas" (pick any rap star or NBA luminary).

Have we already taken "the last ride" as a distinct nation? The jury is still out. In a past issue of *Chronicles*, I wrote that "making a real home for ourselves, a place where we can set down roots, is not only a question of curtailing immigration or rolling back the Federal Leviathan, but of drastically reorganizing our lives and our economic and social priorities and institutions. I'll admit this is strong medicine: I don't know whether we can go home again . . . but I do know that we have to try."

—Wayne Allensworth
Keller, TX

On Saving Canada

Kevin Michael Grace begins his profile of Conrad Black ("The Fall of Lord Blackadder and Lady Manolo (of Blahnik)," *News*, June) with a piece of hearsay—an observation that "Canada isn't worth saving," supposedly uttered by David Frum to me and by me to Mr. Grace.

David has never said such a thing to me, and I have never said such a thing to Mr. Grace.

—Mark Steyn
Montreal, Quebec

Mr. Grace Replies:

Mr. Steyn repeated to me Mr. Frum's assessment of the *Post* in a long conversation I had with him after Lord Black sold the Southam chain to the Asper family. As is my habit, I recorded the interview on tape and then transcribed it. Mr. Steyn instructed me that several of his comments were "off the record," but he did not privilege the Frum anecdote in this manner.

On Citizen Hannity

I was much amused by the cover of your June issue, showing what appears to be one of Fox News' resident warmongers, Sean Hannity, pointing to Citizen Kane. Citizen Kane, of course, was based on William Randolph Hearst, who sold a lot of papers promoting the Spanish American War.

Just before I received the magazine, I saw Hannity on T.V. hectoring General Anthony Zinni for his statements about the stupidity of the war policy of President Bush.

Hannity then turned to Tom Clancy, who coauthored a book with Zinni, to ask why Clancy, a conservative, opposed the war. Clancy replied, "There was no *casus belli*." A befuddled Hannity repeated the question and got the same reply. For once, he seemed tongue-tied. Hey, Sean, Hearst not only knew what "*casus belli*" meant, he even made one up!

The article by Thomas Fleming ("Honest Journalist," *Perspective*) was excellent. Keep up the good work.

—Eugene F. Horan
Monroe Township, NJ

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by Wayne Allensworth

The League of Frightened Gentlemen: U.S. Occupation and Iraqi "Sovereignty"

Before the surprise early transfer of power to a "sovereign" Iraqi government on June 28, Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz told the House Armed Services Committee that the interim government was "prepared to step up to its responsibilities." He emphasized that the White House plan would shift the burden of rebuilding Iraq and fighting insurgents to the interim administration, setting up its own replacement by an elected government in January 2005. Pressed by Rep. Ike Skelton (D-MO), however, Wolfowitz admitted that "it's entirely possible" that U.S. forces could be in Iraq for years to come, a possibility that seemed to be supported by the testimony of Gen. Peter Pace, vice chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Pace told the panel that "we should expect more violence, not less" in the immediate future. Indeed, even as the panel met, insurgents were stepping up attacks against U.S. forces and their allies across Iraq, while some media reports described anti-occupation hotbed Fallujah as Iraq's *de facto* second capital, a "green zone" for insurgents, according to one AP report.

Meanwhile, radical Shiite cleric Muqtada al-Sadr was momentarily eclipsed in media stories by Jordanian-born Islamic radical Musab al-Zarqawi, whose jihadist group claimed responsibility for the gruesome beheadings of American Nicholas Berg and South Korean hostage Kim Sun-il. Zarqawi also threatened to assassinate Iraq's interim prime minister, Iyad Allawi. Washington has put a ten-million-dollar bounty on Zarqawi's head, but few experts appear to believe that killing him would stop the insurgency. U.S. counterinsurgency advisor Prof. Ahmed Hashim of the Naval War College, for example, saw an "Islamo-nationalist fusion" taking place in Iraq. As reported in the *Financial Times*, Hashim described the chaotic situation as a combination of "incipient civil war," "ethnic cleansing," tribal warfare, and score-settling among criminal gangs involved in drug trafficking and prostitution. (By all accounts, crime is exploding across Iraq.) In the same report, military analyst Andrew Krepinevich stated he did not think the security situation would improve by next January, putting the scheduled elections in doubt. U.S. forces, according to Krepinevich, were performing well "at the tactical level," but "the operational level has been a disaster." He concluded by saying that the insurgents were "making substantial progress on winning over the population." Time, it seems, is on the insurgents' side: They lack resources but not motivation, even as support for the war erodes in the United States.

Indeed, most observers seem to agree that the United States is losing the critical battle for the "hearts and minds" of Iraq's population. In mid-May, a poll commissioned by the Coalition Provisional Authority (CPA) showed that more than 80 percent of the respondents lacked confidence in the occupation authorities and that 55 percent said they would feel safer if coalition forces left Iraq, while a similar margin saw the behavior of U.S. soldiers at the Abu Ghraib prison as typical of that of U.S. forces across the country.

The interim government of President Sheikh Ghazi al-Yawer and Prime Minister Allawi faces tremendous challenges: The "sovereignty" of the new government is mostly cosmetic, and any support base the interim regime has is probably quite narrow. The interim government will depend on the United States for money, as it lacks control over funds generated by Iraq's oil industry; it has no power to rescind decrees made by CPA chief Paul Bremer; and occupation forces will remain in the country, as the interim government lacks effective armed forces of its own. By most accounts, the CPA has been a dismal failure, leaving chaos in its wake. One U.S. officer told the *Independent*'s Patrick Cockburn that his men had referred to the U.S.-backed CPA as "the League of Frightened Gentlemen," ensconced behind the concrete walls of their Baghdad headquarters, isolated from the population. To the extent that the interim government is identified with the CPA, it lacks legitimacy.

At the same time, Iraq has become a magnet for jihadist forces, becoming what the Pentagon might call a "target-rich environment": Experts have seen a recruiting boom for jihadist groups that started at the beginning of the Iraq war. Iraq, unlike Afghanistan, is home to numerous holy sites for Muslims. As the anonymous author (reportedly a high-ranking CIA veteran who once headed the agency's efforts against Osama bin Laden) of a new book (*Imperial Hubris*) on the "War on Terror" told NBC News, the invasion of Iraq was a "Christmas gift" Bin Laden had "always wanted and never expected to get." The war "validated" what radical Muslims had said about "American aggressiveness against Islam. It made us the occupiers of the second holiest place for Muslims in the world. In fact, now we are occupying, in the eyes of our opponents . . . the two holiest places . . . the Arabian Peninsula and Iraq, and the Israelis are occupying the third, in Jerusalem."

Many observers have pointed out the errors and miscalculations of the CPA and the Iraq war planners. Wolfowitz, for example, has admitted that planners underestimated how tenacious the anti-occupation resistance would be. The real error, however, appears to have been the decision to invade and occupy Iraq in the first place. The United States may be entangled in Iraq for some time to come. <©>

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NORMAN PODHORETZ, Doris Day, and Arnold Palmer were among the recipients of the Presidential Medal of Freedom on June 23, and it is by no means easy to say who deserves the award the most—or, for that matter, the least. Most people probably were not aware that Miss Day was still alive but were happy to learn she was. The same cannot necessarily be said of Mr. Podhoretz.

The Pod, as he is not very affectionately known to his critics, is, of course one of several neoconservative "godfathers," a term especially resonant when speaking of the mafia of Zionists, Social Democrats, defected Trotskyists, Straussian eggheads, and any number of other apparatchiks of one description or another who compose the "neoconservative movement." Mr. Podhoretz, as editor of *Commentary* from 1960 to 1995, was one of the movement's godfathers not only because he presided over its formation in his magazine but through his vast family connections.

The Pod's ubiquitous hand is evident through his wife Midge Decter, his son John (once of the *Washington Times* and now of the *New York Post*), and his son-in-law Elliott Abrams, at one time a heavy in the Iran-Contra affair and more recently (despite a felony conviction that would deny the appropriate security clearances to most applicants) a heavy in the National Security Council (for Middle Eastern affairs, naturally). Another son-in-law is Steve Munson, who converted to Judaism to wed the beauteous Naomi Podhoretz and who for years (through the Reagan, Bush I, and much of the Clinton administrations), ran the editorial page of the *Voice of America*, whence he helped spread democracy all over the global barnyard. *La famille Podhoretz*, however, is presumably not why the White House chose to knight the Pod with what many people regard as "the nation's most prestigious civilian honor."

Nor is it credible that the Pod won the medal because, in a *Commentary* article of 2002 advocating that the United States wage what he dubbed "World War IV" (against virtually every Arab country in the world), he mewed ingratiatingly that President George W. Bush's speech to the nation after the September 11 attacks reached "the heights of sublimity." Admittedly, Mr. Bush might well be tempted to award the nation's highest civilian honor to the only human being on the face of the planet who has ever praised his rhetoric. But neither the Pod's readiness to prostitute himself and his (largely self-promoted) reputation as "a leading New York intellectual" nor his zealotry in fetching water for the President's bellicose foreign policy and flaccid oratory quite explains the decision to give him the award.

What does explain it is simply that the Medal of Freedom signals that neoconservatism has now become the official ideology of the Bush administration—not Old Right conservatism, not "compassionate conservatism," and not any of the 57 other varieties of "conservatism" that still lurk in the politico-intellectual demimonde, but the neoconservatism of Norman Podhoretz and his fellow godfather Irving Kristol (who has already won the medal).

Back in the happy days of the Reagan Revolution, neocons did not win the medal very much—they just got all the appointments. In fact, such Old Right figures as James Burnham (after a stroke that impaired his faculties), Whittaker Chambers (posthumously), Milton Friedman, Frederick Hayek, and Barry Goldwater all won the medal, mostly from Reagan. Other major figures, however, did not—in particular, the late Russell Kirk, who met with both Presidents Nixon and Reagan.

All these individuals did or said or wrote something that does, in fact, merit high recognition. Other than breeding a vast progeny of perpetual officeseekers and professional courtiers, however, it is hard to see exactly what Norman Podhoretz has done, said, or written that anyone anywhere remembers. There is not a single book or a single major article he has ever produced that is still read today except by the neocon cultists. There is not a single phrase or idea—other, perhaps, than his unique insight as to the "sublimity" of Mr. Bush's rhetoric—that lingers in the mind. All there is, as Mr. Podhoretz himself revealed in one of his earliest books, is *Making It*, the fine art of ensuring your own success.

Doris Day and Arnold Palmer actually did something, and if their leaf is now faded, no one today has to explain to a bewildered American public who they were or what they did. The same cannot be said of the Pod. Those who know who he is and what he represents will understand perfectly well how and why he won the medal. Those who do not know will stay bewildered.

—*Samuel Francis*

VLADIMIR PUTIN startled observers in Russia and the United States with his June 18 claim that, following the September 11 terrorist attacks and before the U.S. invasion of Iraq, Russian intelligence had passed along information indicating that Iraq was planning terrorist attacks against American targets. U.S. officials appeared puzzled by Putin's comments, which prompted a flurry of speculation in Russian media about what purpose the Russian president had in making such a claim.

Putin's remarks came at a press conference in Astana, Kazakhstan. His claim was very similar to a statement from an anonymous Russian intelligence source reported by the Interfax news service the day before: Russian media speculated that the Interfax report had failed to produce the attention in the West anticipated by the Kremlin, prompting Putin's comments. *Kommersant-Daily*, for instance, reported that the Kremlin had staged the scene at Astana, arranging to have a participant in the press conference ask Putin a question about the just-released September 11 Commission's report on the attacks. This gave him the opportunity to make the startling claim that Russian intelligence had "more than once" received information regarding planned attacks by Saddam Hussein's regime against American targets "on the territory of the United States and on military and civilian targets outside" U.S. borders. "This information," Putin stated, was "transmitted through channels to our American colleagues." Putin further claimed that President Bush had "personally thanked the chief of one of the Russian special services for that information, which he considered very important."

Then Putin added a postscript that further puzzled observers: Russia had no information that Iraq ever carried out such plans. He also stressed that the information did not change Russia's opposition to the U.S. decision to go to war in March

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2003, noting that proper procedures for using military force "were not observed" by the United States. "It is one thing to have information" about plans for possible attacks, Putin opined, "but we did not have information" that Iraq was actually "involved in any terrorist acts."

State Department spokesman Adam Ereli claimed that he knew nothing about Putin's comments. Another State Department official told reporters that "everybody is scratching their heads," wondering what Putin had in mind. Secretary of State Colin Powell later said he had not heard of the intelligence Putin referred to, though he allowed that the "intelligence shop" may have seen it.

Russian media sources doubted the veracity of Putin's comments (why didn't the Bush administration use the information in justifying the war?), and many observers suspected Putin was attempting to lend support to Bush's reelection campaign. Various sources pointed to Putin's comments at the recent G-8 summit as a sign of what the Russian president is up to: Putin had congratulated Bush on a reported upturn in the U.S. economy and then added that the Democrats "don't have the moral right to attack George Bush for Iraq since they themselves did the same thing" in the former Yugoslavia. Pundits speculated that Putin had made the remarks on both occasions in hopes of gaining further U.S. recognition of his own war in Chechnya as a part of the broader "War on Terror"; that Putin was still angling for a Russian role in developing Iraq's oil deposits; or that Putin simply preferred the known quantity of the Bush administration to a Kerry White House. The Democrats had hit far closer to home in Yugoslavia than the Republicans had in Iraq, after all.

What was not mentioned in analyses of Putin's remarks, however, was the possibility of Russia becoming an alternative (to OPEC) energy source for the United States, something that Bush administration officials reportedly had been speaking about to their Russian counterparts for some time following the September 11 attacks. Moreover, Russian sources have claimed that some Russian oil magnates might be interested in selling shares of their companies to either Chevron-Texaco or Exxon-Mobil—and that the Bush White House had been perturbed by reports that Russian oil giant Sibneft might sell out to France's Total instead. At the same time, both Democratic and Republican critics had lobbied for Russia to be kicked out of the G-8 following the arrest of oligarch Mikhail Khodorkovsky, an arrest widely believed to have been politically motivated. Khodorkovsky had been quite aggressive in his attempts to penetrate U.S. oil markets and had cultivated friendships with both George H.W. Bush and longtime Bush-clan member James Baker, probably hoping to benefit from their ties to the U.S. oil patch. Thus, Putin's puzzling comments, apart from his reported preference for the Republicans over the Democrats, might have been an effort to keep the door open for a strategically important relationship with the Bush White House, one that encompasses both post-Saddam Iraq and the future of Russia's oil industry.

—*Denis Petrov*

MICHAEL PEROUTKA may provide an alternative for conservatives who are disenchanted with the prospect of choosing between George W. Bush and John Kerry this fall. Bush has focused most of his energies on an unnecessary and calamitous war and has warmly embraced every tenet of neoconservatism, from expanding the size and scope of the federal government to promoting a guest-worker scheme that would effectively abolish our borders and impoverish the American middle class. Kerry is an unreconstructed leftist who, though willing to criticize Bush over Iraq, is unwilling to withdraw American troops.

Peroutka and his Constitution Party expect to be on the ballot in 40 states and hope to be on the ballot in one or two more. Peroutka is "trying to reach anyone who has come to the conclusion that there is something wrong in America," and he is running on the campaign themes of "God, Family, Republic." He favors dramatically reducing the size and scope of the federal government and reining in what he terms "judicial tyranny."

Peroutka describes Iraq as a "bloody mess" and considers the war "unconstitutional," because it was launched without a declaration of war by Congress. He notes that the "Founders were very wary about giving the power of war and peace to one man" but believes that we have done just that, with Congress effectively ceding the power to declare war to the executive branch. Peroutka, citing the work of William Kristol's Project for the New American Century, believes that the war in Iraq was a "war for empire" that was launched to establish a permanent U.S. military presence in the Middle East, even though this is not how it was sold to the public. Peroutka's plan for Iraq is to "Get our troops out . . . as quickly and safely as possible." Unlike many "mainstream" conservatives, Peroutka is unwilling to whitewash Abu Ghraib, where Americans have unfortunately done "horrible, denigrating, lawbreaking, immoral things."

Peroutka also takes a clear position on immigration and trade. He thinks it "odd" that we are willing to send troops to the Middle East yet are unwilling to secure our borders. He suggests that such unwillingness to defend America's national interests reveals something wrong with our political leadership and bluntly argues that it is "time for a President with an allegiance to the people of America." Peroutka states that "illegal immigration is, in fact, illegal" and also favors reducing annual legal immigration to around 250,000 immigrants, a number he sees as more conducive to assimilation. He regards NAFTA and the World Trade Organization as "antithetical to American sovereignty" and argues that most Americans do not benefit from unrestricted trade with low-wage countries. Peroutka maintains that "All of our trade agreements should be based not on an internationalist agenda, but on American interests."

Peroutka is strongly opposed to both abortion and "gay marriage." However, unlike many conservatives, he does not favor a constitutional amendment to deal with either issue. Since the fundamental problem is one of the judiciary reading its values into the Constitution, amendments, even if they could be enacted (which is extremely unlikely) merely offer more words for judges to twist. Peroutka believes that the likely failure of any constitutional amendment restricting "gay marriage" will merely serve to legitimate the practice. Instead, he favors a more confrontational approach, declaring that "anticonstitutional court decisions are not binding." Peroutka is also willing to consider legislation that strips courts of jurisdiction over certain issues, as outlined by Prof. William J. Quirk in the June issue of *Chronicles* ("The Fourth Choice: Ending the Reign of Activist Judges," *News*).

It is, of course, virtually certain that either Bush or Kerry will win the White House. But if Peroutka does well—and especially if votes for Peroutka deny Bush a second term—politicians may begin pay-

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ing attention to the issues he is raising.

—*Tom Piatak*

THE SEPTEMBER 11 COMMISSION (the National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States) has found "no credible evidence" of a meaningful link between Iraq and Al Qaeda. Flatly contradicting claims by the Bush administration that such a connection justified the war in Iraq, the commission's preliminary report released on June 16 says that Osama bin Laden had long opposed Saddam Hussein's secular regime and that his subsequent attempts to obtain help were rebuffed by the Iraqi dictator.

The September 11 Commission is an imperfect body. It is guilty of not asking many questions that are essential to understanding the nature of the threat facing us. While failing to focus on the nature of Islam, U.S. immigration policy, and other strategic issues, the commission's experts nevertheless appear to have been thorough and professional in dealing with those specific aspects that they were instructed to examine. Their conclusion reflects the consensus of the intelligence community. The findings were supported by top CIA and FBI officials who had been under intense political pressure before the war to establish such a link.

The commission's report is embarrassing for President Bush and his administration. It came only two days after Vice President Dick Cheney made the latest in a series of assertions that a link between Saddam and Osama did exist, and one day after President Bush explicitly backed Cheney's assertions.

It now appears that the two key justifications for war—WMD's and the Al Qaeda link—were not based on facts, and it is noteworthy that both had emanated from the same source. The Project for a New American Century (PNAC), founded in Washington in 1997, began advocating the overthrow of Saddam Hussein as soon as it came into being, citing WMD's as the reason. In its January 26, 1998, open letter to President Clinton, it said that, given the magnitude of the Iraqi weapons threat, military action was the only option. The letter was supposedly drafted by Paul Wolfowitz, who was among its 18 signatories; others included Donald Rumsfeld, Richard Perle, Richard Armitage, and William Kristol.

The terrorist attacks of September 11 provided these people and their allies with a new theme. On September 20, 2001, PNAC sent a letter to President Bush stating that, "even if evidence does not link Iraq directly to the attack, any strategy aiming at the eradication of terrorism and its sponsors must include a determined effort to remove Saddam Hussein from power in Iraq." The letter, signed by Bill Kristol and two-dozen leading neocons—including Perle, Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, Martin Peretz, and Norman Podhoretz—argued that "failure to undertake such an effort will constitute an early and perhaps decisive surrender in the war on international terrorism." The signatories went on to repeat the allegation of Saddam's terrorist connection in literally hundreds of op-eds, interviews, and speeches.

The claim of Saddam's link with terrorism was duly adopted by the Bush administration as a key justification for war. Thus, on November 14, 2002, Rumsfeld warned that, "Within a week, or a month, Saddam could give his WMD to al-Qa'ida." Former CIA Director George Tenet, testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee, went much further: "Baghdad has a long history of supporting terrorism, altering its targets to reflect changing priorities and goals. It has also had contacts with al-Qaeda." He added that "*there is no doubt* there have been contacts and linkages to the al-Qaeda organization" (emphasis added). The theme was picked up by Mr. Bush himself, who declared on May 1, 2003, that "the liberation of Iraq removed . . . an ally of al-Qa'ida."

How will the advocates of war deal with the latest blow to their credibility? Some will claim that the war was meant to remove a potential, rather than actual, terrorist threat from Saddam. Others, the majority, will do with the terrorist link precisely what they have already done with the WMD's: pretend that the issue does not exist. We may expect the war party to focus more on "human rights" and "democracy" as the real reason for the Iraq war. They will take their cue from Wolfowitz, whose testimony before the Armed Services Committee on April 20 did not mention any WMD's but focused entirely on the brutality of Saddam's dictatorship.

He and his fellow conspirators have known all along that Iraq had no WMD's and was not connected to Al Qaeda or to the September 11 attacks. They wanted their war because their primary objective has never been to enhance *this* country's geopolitical position. They are plotting new missions as we speak. If they are not unmasked, America's misused power will generate countervailing power sooner than we think, albeit only after the world has become a poorer, nastier, and far-less-populous place.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

OBITER DICTA: Contrary to Dr. Leon T. Hadar's article "Whose Bias?" (*Vital Signs*, June), ABC News anchor Peter Jennings is no longer "happily married to journalist Kati Marton, who happens to be a daughter of Hungarian refugees." Marton divorced Jennings in 1994, after which she married Richard Holbrooke, who served as assistant secretary of state and ambassador to the United Nations under President Clinton. Dr. Hadar regrets the error.

Our first poet this month is **Richard Moore** from Belmont, Massachusetts. Mr. Moore is the author of nine books of poetry, as well as translations of Plautus and Euripides, a book of literary essays, and a novel, *The Investigator*. His most recent book of verse, *The Naked Scarecrow*, was published by the Truman State University Press in 2000. Mr. Moore conducts *The Poetry Exchange* in the Harvard COOP and gives frequent readings in the Boston area.

Our second poet is **Andrew Huntley**, who hails from Sydney, Australia. Mr. Huntley's work has recently appeared in *AD2000*, *Adelaide Review*, *Christian Order*, and the *Quadrant*. Collections of his work include *The Stone Serpent Dreaming* (Hale & Iremonger) and *Minor Pageant* (Island Press).

Our art is provided by our art director, **H. Ward Sterett** of Roscoe, Illinois. Mr. Sterett received his B.F.A. from the University of Colorado and his M.F.A. from Northern Illinois University, and he attended the L'Abri Fellowship, where he studied the effect of Christianity on art. He currently works as a sculptor, painter, and printmaker in Roscoe, of which he is village president.

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by Thomas Fleming

Doing Death

When my mother died, the doctors pumped my father so full of tranquilizers and mood elevators that he lumbered through the funeral like a representative of the living dead. He had awakened one morning to discover his wife dead beside him, and, since he was a heart patient, the doctors were afraid that he could not survive the shock. In a real sense, he did not. Neither the pills that took away his humanity nor the surgeries that turned him schizophrenic could prevent his body from complying with the decision his spirit had made on the day his wife died.

My mother's funeral was the usual modern farce. My parents had liked to travel, and, although they still had old friends in Charleston, where she was to be buried, they were *old* friends, by and large, with whom she had lost touch. The priest, whom my father had known as a ballplayer, had never met my mother, but that did not keep him from descanting on what a "byudeeful, byudeeful" person she was.

It was an embarrassing moment, one I have had to relive at nearly every subsequent funeral. People no longer stay in one place, and, if they do, few of them go to church. American funerals have been liberated from the ugly fact of death, as hypocritical preachers assure the audience that the dead nonbeliever who left his wife and cheated on his business partners "is in a better place." At one rich man's funeral I attended, the Lutheran preacher admitted he had never met the deceased but had learned from his family members what a great guy he really was, and, instead of a eulogy or sermon, he told some of the amusing stories he had heard only that day. Mourners nowadays, especially if they are of advanced years, wear casual clothes in cheerful colors, and I have heard more than one chipper old lady complain that the sight of black can be depressing. To paraphrase Flannery O'Connor, they would not be bad old ladies, if they had someone to kill them every day.

Living with the reality of death is one of the most necessary moral duties, but we Americans manage to evade that responsibility up until the end. When I lived in McClellanville, where everyone knew everyone, funerals were a normal part of life, and, when we had our annual church picnic at the old Brick Church, it was comforting to see a man's great-grandchildren picnicking on top of his tombstone and frolicking among the family graves. It was not desecration. "In the midst of life we are in death," said that church's old Prayer Book, but the converse should also be true: In the midst of death, we are in life.

Life in a village of 500 souls is life on the human scale. When we leave the village and move to a city numbering hundreds of thousands, we either create our own little village of friends and neighbors or learn to subsist for ourselves as one of millions of organisms competing for wealth and power. Treating our fellows as so many ants, we can witness their deaths, as unmoved as we have been untouched by their lives. When we are young and still climbing the ladder, we can persuade ourselves that only we exist, that there is no other entity entitled to speak in the first person; but, as we fail to become as rich as Gates, as powerful as Perle, our self-confidence may begin to falter, though not far enough to acknowledge other people's existence. Other people become the reminder that we are not what we would like to be, and, if we think about death for a moment, we may be resentful that others will walk carefree over our graves. Better a brass plaque in a memorial garden. Better cremation.

Luigi Pirandello was overwhelmed by the modern conviction that the world is an illusion each one of us makes up as he goes along. In his moving story about two black horses, "L'Allegrata," he grappled with his own death-obsession. *Nero* (Blackie) has recently arrived at a new stable. His previous owner, the princess, has fallen ill, and her son, a motorcar enthusiast, has persuaded her to sell the horses. Aggravating Blackie's loneliness is the incessant vulgar chatter of his new stallmate Fofo, who wonders obsessively about what is put into the long boxes that the black horses pull in their dignified wagons. The two horses are paired for the first job, on which Nero disgraces himself by shying and rearing in front of the house where they are to pick up the cargo. It is, of course, the house of the princess, who has died, and, to reassure Nero, the mistress's old coachman tells him how pleased she would be to be taking her last ride in a carriage drawn by her favorite horse.

Pirandello was as obsessed with death as was Fofo, and he requested the plainest funeral for himself—to be carried out naked, wrapped only in a sheet, and be cremated—but since Pirandello was the greatest writer in the Fascist Party, Mussolini insisted on a gaudy state funeral. The Fascists were right: What advantage would a plain funeral have been to the dead writer compared with the benefits the party and the nation gained from a state funeral?

Like most of us, however, Pirandello was thinking only of himself. How many of us, I think he wondered, will, by our death, make even a horse disconsolate? Hemingway observed that the men who bought photographs of a dead bullfighter looked at the picture so often that they forgot what their hero really looked like. Within days or even hours of our death, we decay into a string of anecdotes, which, as they are repolished with retelling, replace any vivid memories that our friends might retain of us. People who cannot think about their own death cannot mourn the death of another, and, if we are pagans, the only proof that we have ever lived is the sorrow displayed at our funerals. Of course, we shall not be there to witness the tears, the cheeks rent by fingernails, the ritual lamentations, but, in our dying, we can be comforted by the awareness that we are leaving a world that will miss us. That, after all, is what friends and family are for: to encourage the delusion that we have not lived in vain.

Solipsism is more than the philosophical theory that only the self can be proved to exist. This "theory" stems from the hallucination that the universe depends on me alone. When I am gone, the screen goes blank. The ultimate consolation, for the solipsist, is to be joined by his pets, his servants, and his wives in death. The prospect of *suttee* must have been a great comfort to a dying Indian prince. Without wishing to pass judgment on the customs of another civilization, I think the

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wife might be pardoned for having her own point of view. I suppose that, if a man and woman were equally solipsistic, equally alone in the world, they might make a suicide pact and simultaneously extinguish each other's universe.

Christians used to be taught to contemplate their own mortality. In Palermo, where Pirandello attended university for a time, there is a Capuchin cemetery where the dead, dressed and posed as they were in life, were put on display. When my good Catholic friends went off to see the grotesque spectacle, I preferred to go off to lunch. I do not need skeletons to remind me of my mortality. Another fictional Sicilian, the hero of Lampedusa's *The Leopard*, imagined what an impressive figure he would make, when he joined the other stiffs on display, but the prince was, after all, a pagan, who hoped to be greeted by the goddess of the evening star.

Like Huck Finn, I take no stock in dead people. The corpse of a friend or relative is to me worse than inert, especially if it has been improved by the undertaker's art. I know I am wrong in this. It must be a good thing for the bereaved to take one last look, to acknowledge that a mother or wife was not mere spirit but also flesh and blood. The Church has always opposed cremation, not out of a superstitious concern about the resurrection of the body, but because disrespect to the body of the dead might impair our respect for human dignity. A man who spends his days dissecting corpses for science might understandably view the living body with something less than reverence.

Nonetheless, I have difficulty in connecting the prettified corpse with the person I once knew. In his journal, Walter Scott records his reaction to the sight of his wife's corpse:

> I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid, which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression?

I find Scott's controlled mourning more terrifying than any catacombs. I am tempted to say that it is the difference between northern reserve and Latin exuberance, but, although Latin countries today are franker about death, it was Northern European artists (such as Mathias Grünewald) who carried the obsession with death to the extreme: deathbed scenes filled with devils; Last Judgments portraying the most imaginative tortures; sculpted effigies whose noble images of beautiful ladies and heroic knights do not quite conceal the rotting flesh underneath the surface.

Italian art (including Signorelli's great *Last Judgment* in the Orvieto cathedral) is typically more austere. I used to go to Pisa almost every year and would stare, uncomprehending, at the Last Judgment depicted in the Campo Santo—or rather, in the parts of the Campo Santo that Allied bombers chose to spare. (I do not know why they did not shoot up the Cathedral, Baptistery, and Leaning Tower while they were at it.) One particularly brilliant detail, which I never understood, shows three young men in hunting costumes, staring at three coffins with corpses. This is, apparently, a portrayal of a "Dance of Death" theme: The young men are staring at their own corpses. It is something to think about.

Christians are not the only people who have sought the meaning of life in the fact of death. In Latin love elegy—the poems of Propertius and Tibullus—the persistent awareness of death adds spice to the pursuit of love. There is, we are reminded, "*una nox dormienda*"—one night that must be slept for good. For Greek and Roman pagans, death gave to life a sense of urgency and seriousness. Who would squander today on television programs and football games if he knew he was to die tomorrow? To this pagan sensibility, Christianity adds a spiritual and moral dimension. Go ahead, cheat your partner and seduce his wife, but you are wasting your life on vice and will pay a terrible penalty. If you will not contemplate your own mortality, then read Dante's *Commedia*, and not just for the beauty of the poetry or the philosophical insights.

Post-Christians do not want to hear about this—least of all from Dante. They embalm their corpses and paint them up, as if for a stage performance. Tonight only. Their interments are like reality TV: Everything is made to look "so lifelike," but nothing could be less real. They wear cheerful spring colors to funerals, and, at the viewing, they chatter merrily about sports and shopping. If, in the dead of night, the ancient fear of death sneaks into a conscience numbed by *Friends*, there is a medicine cabinet filled with prescriptions to take away the sting of death and the fear of the Devil. If old Dunbar had been given mood elevators, he might have died happy unshriven, and we should not have heard his "*Timor mortis conturbat me.*"

We embalm our corpses in order to embalm our minds. Propertius and Horace knew that we can only be fully alive if we are conscious of our mortality and of the brevity of life. That is the point. Post-Christians do not want life, either in the pagan sense of living and fighting and rearing children or in the deeper Christian sense that culminates in the love of God that is immortality. They want only the appearance of life, as Colonel Sellers might say (that archetypal American projector in Twain and Warner's *The Gilded Age*), not life itself. On drugs—whether heroin or Prozac—life and death are replaced by the appearance of life and the disappearance of death. They flush their babies down the drain and tell themselves they have a sacred right to "fulfill themselves," and, when they discover that, no matter how much stuff they cram into the vacuum, those selves are emptier and emptier, they have to fill the spreading void with smoke and fantasy. In a real sense, they cannot die, because to die, really and truly, they would first have to live.

There is no drug problem in America; there is only a soul problem. So long as we are willing to give our souls away to the lowest bidder, so long as we continue to cheat life with TV games, video poker, and "safe" sex (what a quaint expression for an act that denies life), we shall have to drug our minds, shutting and locking all the doors and stopping up the cracks, lest, through some mouse hole or broken window, some glimmer of reality might break in upon the stone-dead fortresses we have built around our souls. <©>

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Clock

by Richard Moore

Clock there taps on, taps on,
set in a small country
library where familiar
strangers walk awkwardly over
carpets. What does it follow

up there motionless, years, years,
shining through ancient varnish
and the old hairlike numerals
on its dial paper stained brown?
Behind glass, a gold-rimmed

painted scene, its weight is swinging,
following my lips, words
—or do they follow it?—
and following my pulse
that taps against my book,

as the clock taps at the old books
and ladies in the room—
and taps now also in
my mind with the trivial
profundity of an old

photograph that goes on, goes on,
for sometimes half a century,
slowly fading, misting,
until it turns into a lie
by conscientiously existing.

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by Philip Jenkins

Whose Museum? What Nation?

Nations define themselves by what they choose to remember. The growing complexity of the United States is suggested by the ever-expanding volume of her historical memories, the range of groups and events that are commemorated, often in the name of multiculturalism. Just look at the changing landscape of the National Mall in Washington, D.C., with the stunning new National Museum of the American Indian. To secure a place in memory is also to stake a claim for power and resources in the modern world.

Actually, it is possible to exaggerate the damage done by multiculturalism. Anyone visiting the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History will be deeply disappointed if they hope to be outraged by vapid or obsessive displays harping on "women and minorities" in every other caption. Generally, the museum is a fine and thoughtful display. So good is it, in fact, that it is all the more amazing when we realize what is being omitted. Even the most sensible of American historians and museum-keepers still miss a crucially large portion of the nation's history, arguably its central vision. And once we understand that, we can appreciate most of our current rows over culture wars, Red and Blue America, and all the rest.

A national museum has to serve a dual function—to offer the canonical themes of American history but also to reflect changing historical visions. In the first category, we find displays about the presidency, the White House, and the first ladies. In the second, we can certainly see a powerful emphasis on social history, those issues of race and class that galvanize liberal academic historians. And so they should. All Americans should care about the history of labor and technology; of science and industry, of the movement from farm to factory; of the struggle between rival immigrant communities in the industrial towns of the 19th and early 20th centuries. The museum has something for everyone's taste. In the bookstore, itself one of the minor glories of Washington, D.C., we find vast quantities of patriotic paraphernalia; celebrations of flag, nation, and even George W. Bush; not to mention huge offerings in military history. The musical offerings from every era of American history are magnificent.

Nothing in the museum should not be there, and that case can be made even for pop-culture ephemera: Julia Child's kitchen, indeed! After a while, however, you begin to notice the critically significant absences. For me, the first alarm bell sounded while I was walking through an exhibit called "American Encounters", about the diverse cultures that make up New Mexico. Throughout the exhibit, we find religious objects, chiefly from Latino cultures—*santos*, *bultos*, *milagros*, figures of the Virgin. Of course, they need to be here: How could you understand New Mexico without its religious past? And then the question dawns: Where are the equivalent religious materials elsewhere in the museum? Where is the sense of any religious presence or influence in American history?

As it stands, the question is too stark. You can indeed find photographs of churches and church communities, especially in galleries on African-American history or European-immigrant communities. You can even find religious references and texts—as if anything worthwhile could be said about African-American history without quoting that core tradition of prophetic-apocalyptic rhetoric so effectively deployed by Martin Luther King, Jr. In virtually every case, however, religion is cited as a cultural badge of minority traditions. Looking at the presentation of America's religions, you often get the feeling of a ham-fisted anthropologist visiting a remote village and saying, "So, show me your quaint tribal customs."

And all this in the national museum of a society founded absolutely on religious themes and ideas, in which, over the centuries, it is very difficult to trace a social or political movement that can really be described as secular. The Temperance movement, women's movements, abolitionism, Progressive reform, educational reform, movements to reform food and diet: all were, to a greater or lesser extent, profoundly shaped by religious thought. Could the Civil War have been fought if a large segment of soldiers on both sides had not viewed themselves as warriors of God? Is it possible to understand the political rhetoric of the era without grasping its religious and often apocalyptic foundations?

And that is just one historical moment. If anyone ever objects to the notion of religion playing a role in politics, I usually ask them how they feel about that particular Great Awakening we call the Civil Rights Movement. In America, and not in most other countries, even movements that do not originally possess a religious context develop them. Witness how many of the battles of modern feminism have acquired religious and spiritual dimensions, with campaigns over women's roles in churches and synagogues, and the emergence of woman-oriented mystical and esoteric sects. America is, and continues to be, a religious product.

So where, in this National Museum, are the exhibits devoted to (say) American Prophets? To Great Revivals? Of course, there should be exhibits on Electricity, American Maritime Enterprise, or the Information Age. But where are the materials on the quest for God and godly rule as a dominant motive through much of American history? And no, the promising gallery entitled Engines of Change turns out not to concern itself with the churches in American life.

Museum-keepers and historians may feel that religion is too controversial a topic to display adequately, though this consideration does not prevent them from offering strongly partisan accounts of issues dealing with race and sex. I think the underlying issue is much deeper and more alarming. Academic historians really, sincerely, do not see that religious forces have played such a key role in the nation's past. Religion does not register with them, so, obviously, it could not affect anyone else.

Whatever the reasons, the effects are tragic. This is a museum of American history with God left out, leaving us to ask: Whose museum is this? What nation do they think they are living in? ◁▷

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Afghanistan: Opium Market to the World

No End in Sight

by Doug Bandow

"For more than two millennia, Afghanistan has been at the crossroads of civilizations and a major contributor to world culture," declared the U.N. Office of Drugs and Crime (UNODC) in 2003. Exactly what Afghanistan has contributed to world culture is not so clear, but the desperately poor, primitive, war-torn state is important in another way. Over the last quarter-century, Kabul "became a major contributor to world narcotics production," explained the UNODC.

The United Nations attempted to put a positive spin on Afghanistan's role as a global Opiates-R-Us: "The establishment of democracy in Afghanistan and the Government's measures against cultivation, trade and abuse of opium have been crucial steps towards solving the drug problem." Like most else emanating from the United Nations, however, the claim is meaningless spin, p.r. cover for a problem that is growing worse, despite the United Nations' and the United States' efforts. Even the UNODC had to admit: "Dismantling the opium economy will be a long and complex process."

Why is this problem so hard to solve? The popularity of poppies reflects the fact that drug trafficking is profitable. The recent upsurge in production is a response to the ouster of the totalitarian Taliban, which once won U.S. aid in its efforts to fight the drug trade. Although Washington is promoting the illusion that the West can simultaneously eradicate drug production and Islamic fundamentalism, the goals seem incompatible—in which case, the United States has to choose which objective is more important.

Drug production in Afghanistan, as elsewhere, ultimately is more a question of demand than of supply. Several decades of drug prohibition suggest that economic markets will always defeat government bans. In Afghanistan, where the average wage is a couple of dollars per day, heroin and opium trafficking produced revenues last year estimated at $2.3 billion—as much as 60 percent of Afghanistan's official annual GDP. Opium production has jumped 15 fold since 1979. As of 2002, Afghanistan accounted for three fourths of the world's opium supply; last year saw the highest production levels ever. The United Nations claimed that drugs can be eradicated in Afghanistan "with the instruments of democracy, the rule of law, and development." Unfortunately, this has not occurred.

Afghanistan was noted for neither drug abuse nor production until the Soviet invasion in 1979. By destroying established social institutions and creating widespread economic chaos, the Soviets turned Afghanistan into a model environment for the drug trade. Villages were bombed, crops were destroyed, livestock was killed, and people were displaced.

Opium became the perfect product in a land where traditional production, distribution, and transportation networks disappeared and social norms loosened. Legal crops suffered, and exports collapsed. Opium replaced other agricultural products on the best land, and drug producers employed the abundance of cheap labor—women, children, and returning refugees.

The war had other effects. Many refugees turned to drugs as a form of escape. And, according to the UNODC, "The medical use of opiates as analgesics and sedatives in the treatment of wounded combatants and other war victims also contributed to rising levels of addiction."

Another factor, which Washington long refused to admit, was that America's *mujahideen* allies relied on the drug trade for revenue. Indeed, it "was one of the only commodities which could generate enough income for large scale arms purchases," reports the UNODC. During the Cold War, the United States subordinated her war on drugs to her campaign to undermine Soviet power.

After the Soviets withdrew from Afghanistan, civil war raged for another decade. There was no effective central government in Afghanistan and no means by which the West could exert control. That vacuum helped propel the Taliban to power in 1996. The fundamentalist Muslim regime banned the use of all intoxicants, including opiates. However, Kabul had no objection to its people *selling* drugs to infidels; in fact, some Taliban commanders participated in the trade. Moreover, the Taliban's victory was achieved in part by agreeing to allow some warlords to maintain their opium operations. Production doubled by 1999.

In 2000, Kabul banned the cultivation of opium but not its trade, in an attempt to avoid international sanctions. Production dropped dramatically in 2001 but then rebounded above the level of 2000, U.S. aid notwithstanding.

Following the Bush administration's ouster of the Taliban, the new government banned opium production. The U.S. victory removed the restraints that the Taliban had established, however, and the poppy fields were replanted. Indeed, chaos along the border with Pakistan made smuggling even easier. (The opium trade also is rife along the borders with Iran, to Afghanistan's west, and the Central Asian states to her north.)

Regime change did not provide Afghan households with a new source of economic support. And the subsequent influx of foreign aid, which has an extremely poor record of promoting development, could not alleviate the poverty of the mass of Afghans. Legitimate exports remain a fraction of the levels of two decades ago.

Hamid Karzai rules little more than Kabul—and that only with allied support, which is not enough to suppress scattered Taliban forces, discordant warlords, and opium producers. In many areas, the traditional power structure remains undis-

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turbed. Thus, reported Andrea Chang of ABC News last year, "Those profiting from Afghanistan's post-Taliban heroin market are the same ones that profited during the Taliban reign."

The United Nations claims to retain hope. In its 2003 report, *The Opium Economy in Afghanistan: An International Problem*, the UNODC opined

> that the conditions which rendered the state and the government ineffective in Afghanistan do not prevail any longer. There is, today, a window of opportunity for nation-building and consolidation, created by the collective force of the international community superseding the particularistic interests of foreign powers.

Alas, what the United Nations describes as "important steps . . . towards nation-building" remain unlikely to achieve that worthy end, let alone to eradicate a highly profitable crop from desolate, distant lands. Indeed, the Kabul government figures that about 30 percent of Afghan families are involved, to some degree, in opium cultivation and production.

Unfortunately, defenestrating a bad regime is not the same as empowering a good one. President Karzai seems decent and well intentioned; the country's post-Taliban constitution was adopted by a fairly diverse convention and establishes a reasonably liberal state. There is widespread international support for fixing one of the worst of the globe's failed states.

Yet the goal of generating a real state whose writ reaches across the territory known as "Afghanistan" seems to remain as distant as ever. Elections originally scheduled for June were delayed until September. The lack of security—with concomitantly slow registration of voters, especially outside of major cities—led to predictions that the poll would be impossible in September. The constitution offers mere paper guarantees, which have already been violated.

Factional strife abounds among non-Taliban forces. Rival militias refuse to disarm—including the one belonging to Defense Minister Mohammed Fahim. Fighting is constant, as resistance from Taliban and Al Qaeda forces expands and intensifies. Attacks on, and abductions of, foreign-aid workers have been increasing. Even the deployment of U.S. forces has not quelled vigorous resistance. American casualties are a constant. Violence bedevils Kabul itself, despite the presence of a multinational peacekeeping force. As journalist Seymour Hersh concludes, "[T]he situation there is deteriorating rapidly."

The "cooperation" of Afghanistan's neighbors has been no more effective. Washington's relations with Iran are nonexistent. The Central Asian states are more compliant, but their borders with Afghanistan remain porous.

Pakistan routinely announces battles in which she promises to rout Taliban forces and capture Al Qaeda leaders, only to explain afterward that the bad guys slipped away or the captives turned out to be low-level operatives. Pakistani border police do little to hinder crossborder traffic, since the drug trade profits Pakistanis as well as Afghans. Financial-crimes expert Jack Blum contends: "An awful lot of the insanity that was going on in Kashmir was financed out of that heroin flow, because the Pakistani secret service was involved in helping support the flow."

The problem is not just with Kabul and its neighbors, however: It also is in Washington. Controlling the drug trade is not America's top priority in Afghanistan.

In fact, Bush-administration officials have argued that fighting the drug trade is primarily the responsibility of the British—who allegedly have bungled the job (having undertaken to compensate Afghan opium producers). The House narcotics subcommittee actually held hearings entitled: "Afghanistan: are British counter-narcotics efforts going wobbly?" Yet Washington has little cause for boasting.

Bush administration officials say little on the record, and the Pentagon proclaims that it is unaware of U.S. soldiers coming across drugs during military operations. No one believes Washington, however. Western diplomats in Kabul say that U.S. military forces ignore drug trafficking unrelated to enemy forces. One contended that the soldiers' attitude is "Hey, it's not our problem."

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Soldiers in the field affirm that their priority is terrorism. Sgt. Maj. Harrison Saries, a military spokesman stationed at Bagram, Afghanistan, explained: "We're not a drug task force. That's not part of our mission." In Washington, the Department of Defense is more careful to appear to be cooperative. In congressional testimony, Thomas W. O'Connell, assistant secretary of defense for special operations and low-intensity conflict, advanced the administration's $73-million budget request for antinarcotics work in Afghanistan.

Despite this promise to increase emphasis on drug interdiction, the Pentagon's efforts will inevitably remain limited. "Our resources are finite," says Lt. Gen. David Barno, commander of U.S. forces in Afghanistan. "Our focus has to remain on security." Most of the military's current antidrug spending in Afghanistan goes for aid, resources, and training for Afghan agencies, including "to help the Ministry of Interior develop a public affairs campaign inside Afghanistan that will emphasize key messages that discourage growing poppy and supporting the narcotics industry."

It will take a very persuasive message to overcome a drug trade that benefits many outside and even some inside the government. Mirwais Yasini, Karzai's narcotics advisor, argues that "the Taliban are heavily involved in drug trafficking." Last year, he figures, the drug trade yielded $150 million to the Taliban. Moreover, analysts point to evidence that the Taliban levies a tax of around 15 percent on drug smugglers. House International Relations Committee Chairman Henry Hyde (R-IL) similarly contends that drug trafficking generates "vast amounts of illicit monies ripe for the taking by al-Qaeda, the Taliban, and their terrorist allies."

By the same token, though, Karzai's (and the United States')

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local warlord allies also gain from the trade. Many poppy traders "are the guys who helped us liberate this place in 2001," one U.S. official told the *New York Times*. "Without money from drugs, our friendly warlords can't pay their militias," opined a Western official in Kabul. These warlords have enabled the United States to fight the Afghanistan war largely by proxy. American allies thought to be involved in the drug trade include Vice President Haji Abdul Qadir, assassinated last year, and Gul Agha, governor of Kandahar province. In this case, there is not much difference between passive toleration and official encouragement. One NGO official told Seymour Hersh: "Everybody knows that the U.S. military has the drug lords on the payroll. We've put them back in power. It's gone so terribly wrong."

There is much rhetoric about finally tackling the issue. Robert Charles promises that "We intend to be very aggressive, very proactive," which includes more than simply cutting off the money. "If the penalties are high enough, they will not grow heroin poppies. We need to show the people that we are serious." Unfortunately, being "very aggressive, very proactive" does not seem to have worked anywhere else—years of literal war in Colombia, for instance, have done little to dent a drug trade controlled by battling communist guerrillas and right-wing militias.

Moreover, U.S. officials seem distinctly unconcerned about the interests of the many Afghans engaged in poppy farming. "Our priority should not be some kind of misplaced sympathy for someone who will have to do a bit more work" to grow other crops, Charles told Congress—that is, unless one actually wants to convince them to do the extra work necessary to grow other crops.

Indeed, to the extent that Washington actually does penalize its erstwhile allies, it risks driving them back toward the Taliban. In Afghanistan, as in Iraq, Washington has been losing support as a result of mistaken military strikes and human-rights abuses. The United States can ill afford to create more enemies. For the near future, at least, drug-supported warlords might offer Washington the most effective means of controlling would-be terrorists.

Nor is the return of a measure of stability and prosperity to Afghanistan enough. The UNODC observes that, "given the current opium prices within Afghanistan, it is also clear that no other crop can compete with opium poppy as a source of income." Planting a field with poppies is 10-to-15 times more remunerative than growing wheat; opium farmers have demonstrated against the government for destroying their crops. "This considerably hampers alternative development interventions, making the establishment of successful interdiction capacities a sine-qua-non for successful alternative development efforts," admits the UNODC. In other words, only interdiction will ultimately stop opium production—interdiction in regions run by warlords only loosely allied with the Karzai government; interdiction in areas where the Taliban and Al Qaeda forces are now active; interdiction in border regions of neighboring states that are not under any centralized government control.

How could such interdiction be accomplished? American forces are already badly stretched. The United States augmented her Afghan garrison with 2,000 Marines earlier this year, but troop levels in Afghanistan—a bit more than one tenth of the level in Iraq—seem inadequate to suppress Taliban forces and capture Al Qaeda members, let alone to suppress the drug trade.

Moreover, Iraq retains a higher call on personnel. The Army is using stop-loss orders to hold soldiers in the service beyond their terms and past their planned retirements. Nor is NATO, now more highly involved in Afghanistan than in Iraq, likely to be of much help. "Everybody is short of forces now," complains French parliamentarian Pierre Lellouche.

Representative Hyde has explained that "I do not want our military forces, already tasked with vital counterterrorism and stability operations, to become Afghanistan's anti-narcotics police." That, he says, should be the job of "Afghan police, army, and judicial authorities we are helping to build," along with the Drug Enforcement Administration. Yet, writes Afghan expert Barnett Rubin, Kabul "does not have functioning state institutions. It has no genuine army or effective police. Its ramshackle provincial administration is barely in contact with, let along obedient to, the central government."

In particular, Afghan security forces largely remain a gleam in the eyes of Washington nation-builders. After two years, Kabul has managed to mobilize a force of just 7,000 men out of a planned 70,000-man military. Hundreds of Afghan military recruits deserted earlier this year to protest their pay and working conditions. The difficulty in creating an effective Afghan military is illustrated by the fact that Karzai long was guarded by U.S. Special Forces and then foreign contractors, not Afghan soldiers. William B. Taylor, the State Department coordinator for Afghanistan, predicts that it will take another four years to finish training the Afghan army. Given past performance, that estimate seems overly optimistic.

Robert B. Charles, assistant secretary of state for international narcotics and law enforcement affairs, admitted at a congressional hearing earlier this year that

> There is presently no reliable Afghan capability to accurately estimate illegal drug cultivation or to destroy illegal drug crops, and no integrated drug intelligence, investigation, and interdiction capability within the Afghan National Policy. Drug arrests, seizures, testing, and destruction are haphazard and drugs confiscated by the authorities are sometimes stolen and/or resold. Trials and incarceration of offenders are beyond current government capabilities.

So how is a government unable to secure its capital city supposed to squelch poppy production in distant provinces? How is a government whose chief military support against the Taliban comes from drug-producing warlords going to terminate that business?

"In a few short years, with the help of the international community, Afghanistan has gone from being a failed state, ruled by extremists and terrorists, to a free country with a growing economy and an emerging democracy," said Secretary of State Colin Powell at a recent donors' conference on Afghanistan. In Washington's dreams.

"There is no quick fix," says Rosalind Marsden, Britain's ambassador to Afghanistan. Unfortunately, it is not clear that there is a slow fix, either. Without doubt, the drug trade makes it more difficult to create stable governance in Kabul and perhaps to defeat Taliban and Al Qaeda forces. Attempting to suppress the drug trade with more than rhetoric may make those objectives even harder to attain. Unfortunately, the opium market to the world is likely to remain open for the foreseeable future. <©>

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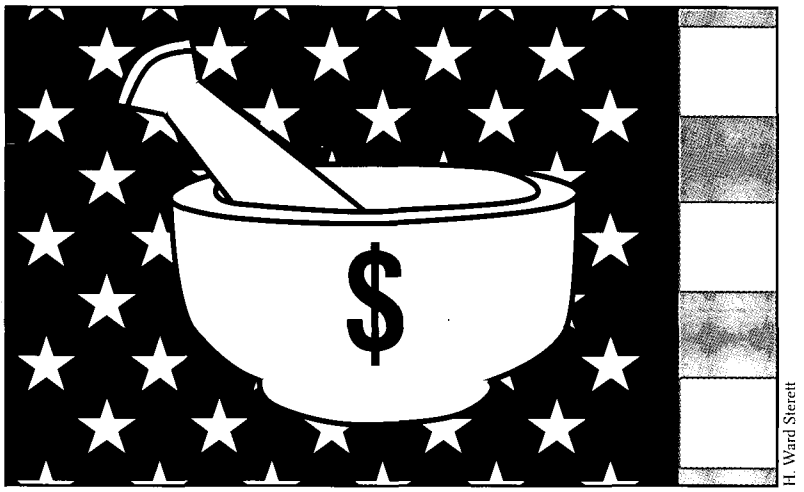
The Global Pharmacy

A Reason for Americans to Love Canada

by Kevin Michael Grace



H. Ward Sterett

Asked when he became so obsessed with voting, the antediluvian Professor Farnsworth on *Futurama* replied, "The very instant I became old." Politicians know only too well that Americans 65 and over vote at twice the rate of 18- to 34-year-olds. So what "senior citizens" want, they usually get. What they want now are cheap drugs to treat their myriad of ailments. If they cannot get them in the United States, they will get them from Canada or elsewhere. Despite this being an election year, George W. Bush has decided the aged are one more group that he can alienate. He prefers illegal aliens to "illegal" pharmaceuticals.

Of course, it is not only the aged who are obsessed with drugs. From cradle to grave, there is practically no human condition Americans do not consider a "disease" with an appropriate prescription medication to treat it: fidgeting, sniffles, heartburn, smoking, anxiety, shyness, melancholia, baldness, menstrual lousiness, and all the states associated with the male and female sexual climacterics. There are over 20 million prescriptions for Ritalin and its imitators in child management written every year, while scripts for the various antidepressant SSRI's (selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors) reached an incredible 142 million in 2003.

According to a March report by IMS Health, global pharmaceutical sales reached $491.8 billion in 2003, an increase of nine percent from the year before. North American sales, which increased 11 percent, were $229.5 billion, 47 percent of the world total. These figures represent the triumph of an industry that has not only produced a Brave New World where people "carry at least half [their] morality about in a bottle" but has succeeded in making Americans pay the highest drug costs in the world.

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According to the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, "Canadian drugs . . . are priced roughly 44% to 78% lower than in the United States." The paper attributes the disparity to "price controls, currency exchange rates and the buying power of large public sector drug plans." These are also the reasons U.S. drug companies cite. What they would prefer not to admit, however, is that they somehow manage to make tidy profits selling the same drugs to Canadians for much less than they charge Americans. In other words, they charge whatever the market will bear.

Yet, as we are constantly reminded, the global economy, which annihilates borders, lowers prices ceaselessly. American drug prices were first reduced by the buying power of discount-drug chains. Then came the national internet pharmacies, which reduced prices by dispensing with bricks and mortar. They were followed by the international internet pharmacies. Previously, low Canadian drug prices could be exploited only by Americans who lived close to the border, like 77-year-old Helen Clark of Kennebunk, Maine. As *Time* reported in January, "[Clark] joins other seniors in her state on overnight bus trips to St. Stephen, N.B., just across the border from Calais, Maine. On a trip last November, Clark [bought] a six-month supply of medications for a little more than $1,000, a cache that she estimates would have cost about $3,000 in Maine . . . "

Canadian internet pharmacies make savings like Clark's available to any American with a computer and modem. Many U.S. states, drugstore chains, and insurance companies encourage this bargain hunting, while cities such as Springfield, Massachusetts, now buy Canadian drugs for their employees. These developments infuriate U.S. drug companies, the Food and Drug Administration, the Heritage Foundation, the Cato Institute, and quite a few legislators, mostly Republican. Canadian drug exportation to the United States doubled in 2003 to a retail value of about one billion dollars. IMS Health estimated last year that only one of 100 Americans were buying medicines

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from Canada but warned, "The danger for the drug industry is that if they don't stop it now, it could grow to 20% in five years, and then it would have an impact on the bottom line."

The drug companies are not prepared to wait. Pfizer, AstraZeneca, Boehringer Ingelheim, GlaxoSmithKline, Eli Lilly, and Wyeth have ordered Canadian pharmacies and wholesalers to stop selling to Americans (in person or by mail, directly or indirectly) or suffer a cutoff of supplies. Some Canadian drugstores have already gone out of business as a result, while others are experiencing shortages.

The legal status of drug importation is murky. Many claim that it is "illegal" for Americans to buy drugs from foreign sources. Yet the FDA has acted only against drug-importing businesses, not individuals. Legislation passed during the Clinton administration has allowed the secretary of health and human services to authorize drug importation, but no secretary has done so. Current secretary Tommy Thompson announced in May that he no longer opposes the practice, but the Bush administration is said to be "adamant" in its opposition. Legislation to force the federal government to legalize foreign importation fully, so long as the safety and purity of the drugs can be assured, was passed by the House last year but died in the Senate. Passage of an importation bill is more likely this year but will need to overcome the resistance of Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist. An AP poll reveals that two thirds of Americans favor passage.

Despite FDA posturing, the legal status of the entire American drug industry, wholesale and retail, is murky as well. According to a doom-mongering 2003 *Washington Post* report:

> In the past few years, middlemen have siphoned off growing numbers of popular and lifesaving drugs and diverted them into a multibillion-dollar shadow market. Crooks have introduced counterfeit pharmaceuticals into the mainstream drug chain. Fast-moving operators have hawked millions of doses of narcotics over the Internet.
>
> The result too often is pharmaceutical roulette for millions of unsuspecting Americans.

When Willie Sutton was asked why he robbed banks, he replied, "Because that's where the money is." The *Post* seems shocked that crooks would be drawn to an industry with annual revenues of $200 billion. That the internet drug market is rife with villains is obvious to the millions of Americans forced every day to delete dozens of deliberately misspelled spam messages inviting them to "SStrenngthen yyour mannhood, wiith Cciaalis." However, buying medicine from Canadian websites is safer than buying from American websites and may actually be safer than buying from many American storefront drugstores.

The Government Accounting Office investigated internet drugstores in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Spain, the Philippines, and elsewhere and released its conclusions in a June report. The GAO obtained 11 different drugs—including "highly addictive narcotic painkillers"—from 68 different pharmacies. All 18 of the Canadian internet pharmacies required written prescriptions from patients, while only five of the 29 American sites and none of the others did.

The GAO study found that internet pharmacies outside Canada and the United States routinely delivered improperly packaged—and sometimes counterfeit—drugs without labels or instructions. Nine U.S. sites and four non-North American sites (but only one Canadian site) were found to be "under investigation by regulatory agencies for reasons including selling counterfeit drugs and providing prescription drugs where no valid doctor-patient relationship exists."

However, "Manufacturers found most of [the drugs] from Canada to be unapproved for the U.S. market; [but] manufacturers determined that the chemical composition of all drug samples obtained from Canada were comparable to the product GAO ordered."

The GAO caveat concerning the provenance of drugs exported from Canada is tautological. The only drugs FDA-approved for the U.S. market are those produced by factories licensed by the FDA to produce drugs for the U.S. market. Drugs produced in America (or elsewhere) for the American market that are then exported to Canada (or elsewhere) and then imported into the United States are, by definition, unapproved. FDA-approved drugs are increasingly produced abroad, by countries that offer tax incentives (such as Ireland) or low wages (such as Singapore). Foreign factories, once approved, are not then subject to much (if anything) in the way of further regulation.

Arizona Sen. Jon Kyl was irritated by the media response to the GAO report, which was characterized by such headlines as "Few problems found at Canadian Internet pharmacies." He informs us ominously that "The Washington Policy Center recently noted that the drugs [Canadian websites] sell to Americans can actually be from Iran, Argentina, South Africa or Brazil," thus implying falsely that the drugs Americans buy at their pharmacy counters are manufactured in the United States.

Senator Kyl is much concerned with safety, particularly the safety of America's young. He writes,

> Lives are literally on the line, as my colleague Senator Norm Coleman of Minnesota recently illustrated in a *Wall Street Journal* op-ed. He told the story of Ryan Haight, a 16-year-old honor roll student in La Mesa, California who died from a mixture of hydrocodone, morphine, Valium and Oxazepam obtained from Internet pharmacies.

Are we to believe that, if internet pharmacies were eliminated, 16-year-old Californians would be unable to procure lethal doses of psychotropic drugs, legal or otherwise? Has Senator Kyl heard of Rush Limbaugh? Rush did not need an internet pharmacy or a valid prescription to buy enough hydrocodone and OxyContin to (as his housekeeper/supplier put it) "kill an elephant." (According to the Associated Press, Senator Coleman "is among the lawmakers who recently abandoned opposition to importing drugs.")

According to Senator Kyl, America's elderly should look to the U.S. government, not to Canada, for cheaper drugs. He claims that the Medicare Modernization Act will not only "provide relief to seniors who are struggling to purchase affordable drugs" but will also "reduce the costs of prescription drugs." While it is true that the act gives means-tested seniors a $600 prescription credit and provides discount-drug cards to all over 65, the drugs themselves will be no cheaper—Uncle Sam will now tax all Americans to line the pockets of Pfizer, GlaxoSmithKline, *et al.*

If Senator Kyl's objection to drug reimportation is dishonest, George Mason law professor Michael Krauss's is downright

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hysterical. In a op-ed written for Fox News, he claimed drug importation is "an invitation to terrorists." How so? Foreigners could poison drugs destined for the United States. That being the case, one would expect Krauss to demand an end to the outsourcing of American drug production. But why stop there? Given America's enormous trade deficit, what is to stop these foreigners from poisoning America's food and sabotaging America's machines? The logical outcome of Krauss's fear is American autarky, a funny position for a free-trader to be in.

Free-traders Doug Bandow of the Cato Institute and Nina Owcharenko of the Heritage Foundation oppose drug importation because they claim it is not free trade at all, as the rest of the world gets a "free ride" on American pharmaceutical research and development. Writing in *National Review*, Bandow argues that importation constitutes "confiscating the wealth of drugmakers." Moreover, it would result in "Canadian-style, or even Mexican-style, prices in the U.S. That, in turn, would mean Canadian-style or Mexican-style access to drugs in the U.S."

Both Krauss and Bandow labor under the illusion that America has a free trade in drugs. Lew Rockwell, another free-trader, noted that Bandow's essay ignores the "anti-competitive FDA," the "anti-competitive patent laws," and "the vast, artificial stimulus to demand from Medicare, Medicaid, and a hundred other welfare programs . . . " Not to mention the billions in R&D monies and tax credits the pharmaceutical industry receives from governments and government-funded institutions.

Heritage's Owcharenko shares the free-trade illusion of Messrs. Krauss and Bandow. Like them and Senator Kyl, she claims to be concerned about "safety." She is also seriously misinformed about Canada's socialist healthcare system:

> When government is the single or major purchaser of pharmaceuticals and other health care services, as it is in Canada, prices are fundamentally distorted. The government leverages its bulk purchasing power to "negotiate" prices with pharmaceutical manufacturers. However, since there is only one major purchaser of these goods and services and no real consumer-based market for these products, the government retains the ability to dictate a fixed price with little or no regard for real market prices.

Drug prices are controlled in Canada, as they are everywhere outside the United States. The federal government, however, has almost no direct involvement in the provision of healthcare. All it does is set standards and pay about one fifth of the cost. The 13 Canadian provinces and territories administer 13 separate healthcare systems. No Canadian government has nationalized the provision of pharmaceutical drugs. Canada has private wholesalers, just as America does. Even within the jurisdictions, healthcare administration is largely decentralized. In any event, the idea of mighty Canada—population 31 million—humbling American drug companies is laughable. And what is wrong with buyers seeking to leverage economies of scale? American governments do this every day.

According to the OECD, Canada's *per capita* healthcare expenditure is $2,391 per year, less than half of the United States's $5,297. Total Canadian healthcare costs are about $100 billion annually—one third of what Medicaid alone will cost American taxpayers in 2004 and one half of what America spends just on pharmaceutical drugs every year.

Owcharenko is right about one thing: Canada is not a long-term solution to high American drug prices. The strong-arm tactics of GlaxoSmithKline and the rest are clearly an attempt to force the Canadian government to ban drug exports by threatening all Canadians with shortages. Canada has no interest in fomenting a trade war with the United States, but the drug companies' position is not as strong as it might seem. If they feel so strongly about the injustice of selling their products "at less than market value" (as Owcharenko puts it), they could always quit the Canadian market. So why don't they?

Canada, like the United States, is bound by the WTO Agreement on Trade Related Intellectual Property Rights (TRIPS), which enforces drug patents for 20 years. TRIPS allows member countries to break patents "if required in the interests of public health." In 2001, the Canadian government broke Bayer's patent of the anti-anthrax drug Cipro. The pullout of the major drug companies from Canada would surely result in the breaking of all their patents. The only effect of their blackmail of Canada is to threaten the safety of American consumers, as Canadian drug exporters have begun buying drugs from countries with substandard regulatory and production regimes.

So what are the solutions to high American drug prices? One might be to outlaw consumer drug advertising, as the rest of the world does. The billions spent on American drug ads serve only to raise costs and increase demand, by persuading millions of the credulous that they, too, suffer from "erectile dysfunction," "social anxiety disorder," and other trendy maladies.

Another solution might be to renegotiate TRIPS to reduce the length of drug patents. The drug companies and their think-tank cheerleaders would respond that this would kill drug innovation, as the regulatory costs of each new FDA-approved drug are five years and $800 million. The FDA justifies these costs by demagoguing about "safety," despite the embarrassing fact that over 100,000 Americans die each year from adverse reactions to legally prescribed drugs. The FDA also forces drug companies to prove the "efficacy" of their products, even though many FDA-approved drugs turn out to be not so efficacious after all. For instance, studies have demonstrated that SSRI antidepressants are little better than placebos.

The FDA is the best friend the drug companies have. Five years and $800 million maintain the *status quo*. As do product liability lawsuits. As do the 824 flacks hired last year to spend $108.2 million lobbying Washington. The drug companies and their executives also contribute handsomely to many politicians, particularly Republicans.

The Bush family has close connections to Eli Lilly, which may explain the White House's "adamant" opposition to drug importation. George H.W. Bush sat on Lilly's board, while former Lilly vice president Mitch Daniels was George W. Bush's director of the Office of Management and Budget and is now Republican candidate for governor of Indiana. (Lilly's headquarters are in Indianapolis.) Lilly president and CEO Sidney Taurel was appointed by President Bush to the Homeland Security Advisory Council and the Export Council.

Doubtless, President Bush believes that what's good for the drug industry is good for America. The industry, at any rate, has no reason to complain. Despite a "bad" year, the 18 U.S. pharmaceutical companies in the *Fortune* 1000 realized combined profits of $31.9 billion in 2003. Revenues were up 13 percent, and the industry remains one of the most lucrative in the land: third best in return on investment at 14.3 percent; second best in return on assets at 10.3 percent. So much for the incipient American Bolshevism descried by Cato and Heritage. <©>

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Anything That Ails You

Women on Tranqs in a Self-Serve Society

by B.K. Eakman

As far back as the 1970's, shortly after the feminist movement was launched, it was estimated that as many as 30 million American women were taking tranquilizers. That was almost half of the female population at the time. In 1975 alone, more than 103 million prescriptions for tranquilizers were written.

By the 1980's, prescription levels had spiked again. Women throughout Europe and North America were prescribed about twice as many psychotropic drugs as were men. Many of these drugs were taken long-term. In the case of the "minor tranquilizers" (technically, benzodiazepines such as Librium, Valium, Mogadon, and Ativan), continued use was largely the result of drug dependence.

A May 2001 report by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) on prescription-drug abuse and addiction stated that studies indicate that "women were more likely than men to be prescribed an abuse-prone prescription drug, particularly anti-anxiety drugs—in some cases 48 percent more likely."

Overall, men and women have roughly similar rates of non-medical use of prescription drugs. Young women, however, have demonstrated an increased susceptibility over time to the use of medically unnecessary psychotherapeutic drugs. Be it a sedative, an anti-anxiety drug, or an hypnotic, women are almost twice as likely to become addicted.

Studies from 2001 have estimated that two percent of Americans, or about four million people, have used benzodiazepines regularly for five or more years, a figure matched in the United Kingdom and in Europe. Research also shows that, for senior citizens, benzodiazepines are more frequently prescribed to women, which is now suspected to be the cause of increased falls and fractures among that age group.

The drugged-female problem is a free-world phenomenon. In Britain alone, 60 percent of all minor tranquilizers prescribed in 1987 were consumed by women, and some 17 million people were legally prescribed benzodiazepines in 1999.

A *Wall Street Journal* article on February 25, 2004, claimed that one in every four French women is taking a tranquilizer or an antidepressant and that the average Belgian takes seven times as many sedatives as Americans. Because of the low costs of drugs and little oversight, Western European countries are facing epidemic levels of citizens hooked on tranquilizers as well as antidepressants.

According to Julie-Anne Davies' article "Accidental Addicts," published in *The Age* (June 16, 2003), the largest group of users of benzodiazepines in Australia are women over the age of 60, and the most common reason for prescribing them is insomnia. The sleeping pill Temazapan is that country's most-prescribed benzodiazepine, with 2.5 million authorized in 2002.

In Canada, the over-prescription of benzodiazepines to women was first identified as a critical healthcare issue in the 1970's, yet it is estimated that 3 to 15 percent of the adult population is now using, and may be addicted to, this class of drugs. Of this group, 60 to 65 percent are women.

Today, experts agree that addiction can follow 14 days' regular use at "therapeutic levels" and that there is a 50-percent chance of developing dependency after six months' use. After a year, addiction is deemed highly likely.

The tremendous upsurge in tranquilizing drugs seems to have as much to do with the medical profession's reticence to spend time on patient complaints that are not easily diagnosed as it does on advertising by drug companies to create a market for their wares. Insurance companies, in turn, are at least partially to blame for cutting short the amount of time a doctor spends with his patient.

In the United Kingdom in 2003, half a million people were long-term dependents of benzodiazepines, drugs deemed so addictive that official prescription guidelines were saying they should not be taken for more than 28 days in succession. Data from coroners' reports compiled by Britain's Home Office were showing benzodiazepines as a more frequent contributing factor to cases of unnatural death each year than cocaine, heroin, ecstasy, and all other *illegal* drugs.

Today, antidepressants are replacing tranquilizers as the mood-altering drug of choice, based on the questionable notion that anxious, restless, agitated, irritable, and diagnosis-starved patients are actually suffering from depression. Originally touted as being as "harmless as aspirin," the so-called minor tranquilizers have since been found to be addictive, psychologically and/or physically. Thus the rise of the new "wonder drugs," antidepressants, which supposedly act on serotonin levels in the brain to alter personality and behavior. Compounds that target this chemical are known as selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRI's).

These "harmless" antidepressants have recently been linked to violent behavior, loss of impulse control, and suicidal thoughts. The young killers at Littleton, Colorado's Columbine High School and Houston mother Andrea Yates' horrific murders of her five children are just two of many shocking news events that have called antidepressant drugs into question.

Prescriptions of benzodiazepines peaked in 1977 in the United Kingdom at 30 million, yet, in 2002, there were still 12.5 million prescriptions. The story in the United States is the same, only the numbers are even greater. Alprazolam, a benzodiazepine originally marketed by Upjohn (now part of Pfizer) as Xanax, was the 11th-most-prescribed drug in America last year, ahead of top SSRI's such as Zoloft and Paxil. While Alprazolam is not on the U.S. top-20 drug list (it is off-patent and,

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therefore, cheap), the drug—reckoned by many independent researchers to be among the most addictive in its class—is consumed in massive quantities. Nearly five million people have, at some point, taken Xanax or a similar anti-anxiety medication, for nonmedicinal reasons according to a 2000 survey conducted by the federal Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration.

Drs. Peter Breggin, Fred A. Baughman, Jr., John Breeding, Joyce G. and Iver F. Small, Richard Abrams, and Mary Ann Block are just a tiny few among hundreds of prominent medical professionals now speaking out against the trend of prescribing mood-altering drugs. These defectors maintain that doctors are taking "the easy way out" instead of thoroughly diagnosing and addressing the patient's (or parent's) complaint. They further insist that the practice of mixing SSRI's and benzodiazepines is creating epidemic levels of brain-injured individuals, especially children, whose brains are not yet thoroughly "wired."

In his book *Psychiatric Drugs: Hazards to the Brain*, Dr. Breggin, a psychiatrist, points to the fact that anti-anxiety drugs and antidepressants do not actually cure anything or even address anxiety and depression *per se* but act as "brain-*dis*ablers," turning off the emotions by shutting down the brain as much as possible while still allowing the patient minimal functioning capability. In other words, the patient is on autopilot, performing by rote, getting through the day, even reading the newspaper or driving a car. His decisionmaking power and emotional reaction to stimuli, however, are compromised.

Dr. Breggin clarifies: "The most fundamental point to be made about the most frequently used major antidepressants is that they have no specifically antidepressant effect. Like the major tranquilizers to which they are so closely related, they . . . achieve their impact through the disruption of normal brain function."

These drugs can also worsen the original complaints, says Breggin, resulting in "acute agitation, confusion, disorientation, anxiety, and aggression—especially in children, adults with brain disease, and the elderly." Seriously addicted patients, he maintains, "may show no outward signs to their family or physicians until accidentally removed from the medication—for example, following surgery or during a medical emergency. Their withdrawal symptoms may then be wholly misinterpreted as an aspect of some other disorder or as a psychological problem."

There are almost twice as many female psychiatric patients as men, and more than half of these are prescribed psychiatric drugs, which they seem more willing to accept. What effect has this had on women?

One outcome has been a vastly decreased sex drive, which frequently becomes permanent even after the drug, or drug cocktail, is stopped. Some 90 percent of women report a lowered libido in as little as eight weeks of starting a course of therapy involving antidepressants such as Prozac, especially in combination with one of the minor tranquilizers. Other side-effects include cessation of menstruation, breast pain, fibrocystic leukorrhea (white or yellow discharge from the vagina), early-onset menopause, menorrhagia (excessive menstrual bleeding), ovarian disorders, spontaneous abortion (sudden loss of a pregnancy), and dyspareunia (painful intercourse).

The news gets worse. An article first published in the *Arizona Republic* was picked up by the *Washington Times* on April 30, 2004, describing a relatively new and growing trend of self-mutilation among teenagers. A Chicago-based self-injury treatment program, Self-Abuse Finally Ends, reports a steady increase in the number of teenagers, mostly girls, who burn, cut, hack and bruise themselves—to *relieve tension*. Co-founder Karen Conterio says another spike occurred during the 2004 school year. Researchers say that the reasons for this vary, including abuse by others, but most self-mutilators "suffer from an underlying psychiatric disorder, such as depression."

Consequently, school personnel nationwide are increasingly pressured to refer girls to psychotherapists, who will give the youngsters antidepressants and tranquilizers. Indeed, it seems that many of the girls had already seen a psychotherapist and either had been, or were taking, psychiatric drugs. Which brings up the old chicken-and-egg question: Did the self-abuse come before or after the drug regimen? And what exactly is so profoundly depressing girls in free societies?

Dr. Armand Nicholi, Jr., a professor at Harvard Medical School of Psychiatry, sees two things: First, the attempt to substitute surrogate mother figures for children via daycare and other arrangements compromises the stability of the child. Then comes the early sexualizing of adolescents that "has led to empty relationships, feelings of self-contempt and worthlessness, an epidemic of venereal disease . . . and a profound sense of loneliness." The latter affects girls more than boys and sets them up for obsessive fear of abandonment in adulthood.

Young or old, women who take tranquilizers and antidepressants are at greater risk than men. So why do adult women willingly take these risks? One answer appears to lie in the obsessions of a sex-and-youth culture that is also beset by feminism. The notion that they can—and, indeed, should—"have it all" has resulted in women feeling defeated, whether they are married with children, "in relationships," or pursuing college and careers. The numerous changes in society, including sexual "freedom," have negatively affected women, contrary to advertisements portraying carefree women using "easy" birth-control patches. In post-1950's America, the cleaning, groceries, and pharmaceuticals are not delivered. The milkman does not leave milk, eggs, and butter. There is no actual human being on the other end of the line when you telephone about a problem. Grocery stores are football-field-sized minimalls. Men put on their socks in the morning and forget about it; women can ruin three pair of pantyhose before lunch.

Much of what passes for depression in women may, in fact, be exhaustion. Except that they can't sleep. They fret over their weight and hair, agonize over every wrinkle, and purchase armloads of beauty products to look as seductive as possible. Then, before turning in, they write up grocery lists, check on the kids' homework, reprogram their cell phones, and iron a blouse—things they cannot do at work. After all that, a woman is wide awake—and not feeling sexy. So she takes one of those "minor tranquilizers."

Research shows that we do not necessarily need to sleep, but we do need to dream. Most psychiatric drugs, including those promoted as sleeping medications, inhibit the critical dream phase of sleep, inducing a state that *looks* like sleep but is merely dreamless and unconscious. Sleep, therefore, is actually impaired or stopped by most psychiatric drugs.

Ironically, many women *want* to perform certain functions, like grocery shopping and caring for children. This was not anticipated when the feminist movement began, and now that females make up half (or more) of the workforce, the results are in: Women on tranqs are overwhelmed by the enormity of their tasks. ◁▷

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The Bush Clan at the "Oligarchs' Ball"

Helping Out Old Friends

by Wayne Allensworth

Vladimir Putin reacted swiftly to U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell's criticism of Russian democracy following the Russian president's reelection on March 14. The exchange indicated increasing tensions in U.S.-Russian relations, tensions that may have as much to do with the Bush clan's business interests as they do with the geopolitical interests of the two countries.

Following Putin's reelection (he won over 71 percent of the vote), Powell repeated criticisms of the Russian political system similar to those he made last January following the landslide electoral victory of the Kremlin-backed United Russia party in the December parliamentary elections. Powell commented that the United States "was concerned about a level of authoritarianism creeping back into [Russian society]." He told ABC TV that "We don't hesitate to point out to President Putin that he should use the popularity he has to broaden the political dialogue and not use his popularity to throttle political dialogue and openness in the society." Powell followed up with criticism of the lack of media access allowed to Putin's rivals: "Russians have to understand that to have full democracy of the kind that the international community will recognize, you've got to let candidates have all access to the media that the president has."

Dmitry Kozak, Putin's campaign chief, countered Powell's criticism by making reference to the controversial U.S. presidential election in 2000. In an official statement released on March 14, following the announcement of the preliminary results of the Russian election, Kozak stated that "Russian voters already have significant experience in democratic elections and don't need suggestions from anyone, even less so from representatives of a country that has clear flaws in its election procedures." The next day, Putin echoed Kozak, telling reporters at a Moscow press conference that Powell was quick to "see the splinter in another's eye and ignore the log in one's own."

Powell's comments regarding the Kremlin's (successful) efforts to manipulate the election results were not baseless. Putin's staff made heavy-handed use of its "administrative resources" to undercut rival candidates and is rumored to have threatened regional leaders with dire consequences if the presidential administration's "seventy-seventy" formula was not met: According to Russian Kremlinologists, Putin's staff wanted a 70-percent voter turnout and at least a 70-percent pro-Putin vote in the elections. When the vote tallies were made public, Putin enjoyed Soviet-style levels of electoral support in many regions, especially in those widely known for the dictatorial grip of the local political boss. In areas where the vote or turnout fell short of the seventy-seventy plan (overall turnout was about 64 percent), rumors began circulating immediately of the Kremlin's plans to punish local leaders, who, according to Russian sources, used both coercive methods (threatening the jobs of "budget workers," such as teachers) and questionable inducements (vouchers for utilities payments, free drinks, cheap bread) to get the vote out for Putin.

Nevertheless, Powell's criticisms and the sharp comments made by figures associated with the Bush White House (Richard Perle's call for Russia to be kicked out of the G-8, for instance) indicate a ratcheting up of tensions between Washington and Moscow that dates back to the struggle in the United Nations over resolutions regarding the war in Iraq. Tensions increased once again following the arrest of Russian oil oligarch Mikhail Khodorkovsky (for tax evasion) last October. Since then, the United States has made a series of moves that have added to the hostilities: Washington has expanded its influence in the Caucasus and Central Asia; continued planning for NATO expansion and the shifting of U.S. European bases closer to Russia's borders; and, more recently, aided authorities in Qatar in an investigation of the assassination of Chechen insurgent leader Zelmikhan Yandarbiyev in the Qatari capital in February, an investigation that led to the arrest of three alleged Russian agents (a strange turn of events, since Washington has not ruled out the same tactic in its own "War on Terror").

Apart from Moscow's protest of Washington's apparent determination to expand its influence over an oil-rich "arc of instability" that stretches from the Middle East to Central Asia, which includes Russia's traditional sphere of influence, there may be other factors triggering White House irritation with the Kremlin: the Bush family's and its associates' business interests, which include business relationships with Russian magnates ("oligarchs") who have used insider connections and dubious means to amass great wealth.

Journalist Andrew Meier's article "The Oligarchs' Ball" in the April issue of *Harper's* claimed that the Bush administration's alternately hot and cold relations with the Kremlin are related to business relationships between Bush associates and Russian oligarchs, including Khodorkovsky. The Bush White House's connections with Khodorkovsky were made through the Carlyle Group, an equity fund that reportedly manages more than $17 billion and has investments in 13 countries on three continents. James Baker, who served as secretary of state under George H.W. Bush, is among the Bush clan's associates at Carlyle, serving as the group's "senior counselor," a position the elder Bush himself once held. Khodorkovsky reportedly met with ex-president Bush twice following the September 11 attacks, announced his intention to invest $50 million in the Carlyle Group, and was appointed to the group's energy board. Khodorkovsky also, according to Meier, subsequently met with Vice President Dick Cheney, whose ties to the U.S. oil indus-

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try are well known. Simultaneously, the Carlyle Group reportedly returned investments made by Shafig bin Laden, Osama's brother, and either returned or saw withdrawn other monies invested by Arabs, since their association with Carlyle made for bad press. An unnamed Moscow source told Meier that "[The Carlyle Group] need[s] the oligarchs' money more than ever . . . they have been replacing the Bin Ladins with the Potanins and the Khodorkovskys."

The "Potanins" is a reference to Vladimir Potanin, an oligarch favored by the Kremlin who controls the Norilsk Nikel metallurgy group. According to Meier, the Bush administration apparently pulled bureaucratic strings to help Potanin acquire Montana's Stillwater Mining Company, the only U.S. producer of palladium, a metal used in producing catalytic converters. The sale, as reported by Meier, was engineered by James Baker (hired by Norilsk to arrange the deal); approved by Bush and Putin at a June 2003 meeting in St. Petersburg, Russia; and sealed when Norilsk appointed Craig Fuller, a former chief of staff for the elder Bush, to its board of directors. The Americans did not receive the original asking price, however: According to Meier, Norilsk, which had agreed to pay most of the price in metals, may have dumped metals, including palladium, on world markets, waited for the palladium price to crash (which it did in the summer of 2003, decreasing the value of the American mining concern), then closed the deal on Stillwater for nearly $100 million less than the original asking price. Meanwhile, as one observer wrote, a Russian oligarch now controls "half of the world's supply of palladium" and has "a foot" in "America's heartland," a place in which the gangsters-*cum*-businessmen have longed to be for some time. At the same time, Baker was likely richly rewarded for his role in the affair, and the Bush clan's Fuller was awarded a spot on Norilsk Nikel's board.

Thus, the Bush administration found itself torn between its irritation over Khodorkovsky's arrest and the possibility of profitable (for Bush clan associates, at least) business deals with Russian oligarchs. President Bush himself and Vice President Cheney have left the expression of Washington's occasional displeasure with Moscow to proxies. Bush and Cheney have not joined in either Powell's criticisms of Russia or the neoconservative clique's outright Russia-bashing. Perle has been the most fiery of the neocon, White House-connected critics of Russia: Following the arrests of Khodorkovsky and his partner, Platon Lebedev (a former "advisor" to the Carlyle Group), Perle, speaking at the Carnegie Moscow Center, called the arrests signs of an "arbitrary, capricious, and vindictive campaign against a private company," which is likely correct. In the interest of full disclosure, however, perhaps Perle should have mentioned the ties to Carlyle of both Khodorkovsky and Lebedev, as well as the Yukos connection to Washington's Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, with which the Moscow Center is affiliated. Yukos, for instance, reportedly plans a three-year grant of $1.5 million to Carnegie. Carnegie has reportedly already received the first installment of $500,000.

Another anti-Russian blow came from Bruce Jackson, whom Meier identified as a "protégé" of Cheney, Perle, and Paul Wolfowitz. Jackson, writing in the *Washington Post*, compared the arrest of the Jewish Khodorkovsky to Nazi persecution of the Jews. He claimed that, "in dollar terms, we are witnessing the largest illegal expropriation of Jewish property in Europe since the Nazi seizures during the 1930s." Perle's American Enterprise Institute (AEI) colleague Leon Aron further claimed that Khodorkovsky was the Kremlin's "scapegoat for the misdeeds" of insiders during the privatization of the 1990's. Again, this is not far from the truth, in that Putin himself and a number of leading Russian political and economic players also helped construct the "oligarchy"—and recognized that sacrificing Khodorkovsky was a popular measure that enhanced the regime's shaky legitimacy. But Aron, like Perle, did not bother to tell the readers of his article in the *New York Times* that Yukos has also promised $500,000 to AEI. (AEI has reportedly received $125,000 thus far.)

While it is true that the United States began seriously to eye Russia and the former Soviet republics as an alternative (to the Middle East) source of oil in the 1990's and sharply focused on Russia after September 11, it appears that the Bush clan's business ties have proved at least as important in shaping U.S. relations with Russia.

Russia's thuggish oligarchs have used their connections in Washington to expand their operations in the United States and are buying influence in the U.S. capital, using U.S. media to sway public and elite opinion, while Moscow and Washington are engaged in an elaborate political game, with the tone of U.S.-Russia relations apparently influenced by the business interests of the Bush clan. While it is true that the United States began seriously to eye Russia and the former Soviet republics as an alternative (to the Middle East) source of oil in the 1990's and sharply focused on Russia after September 11 (a legitimate means to serve U.S. interests), it appears that the Bush clan's business ties have proved at least as important in shaping U.S. relations with Russia. Bush and Co. have opened the door for Russia's gangster magnates (part of the Yukos investigation involves alleged contract murders ordered by senior company personnel; "ordered killings" are not an uncommon occurrence in Russian business), helping them buy up American assets on questionable terms and arguably damaging U.S. national interests in the process. Moreover, given the Bush White House's behavior in the Yukos affair and the Stillwater Mining sale, is it any wonder that critics have claimed that the Bush clan's interests have superseded U.S. national interests?

The connections between business and politics, control over property and influence in the Kremlin, are well-established facts of Russian life and have been for centuries. As Andrew Meier pointed out in his *Harper's* piece, however, "matters in America are not so very different." <C>

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A Living Library of the Law Revived

by Stephen B. Presser

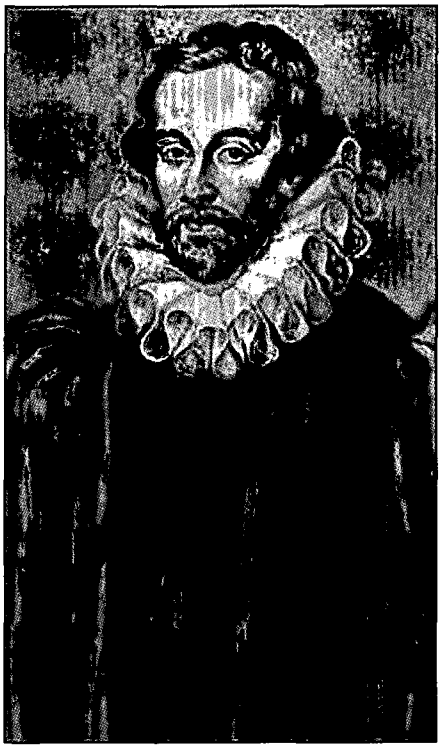
"It is best that laws should be so constructed as to leave as little as possible to the decision of those who judge."

—Aristotle

The Selected Writings of Sir Edward Coke
edited by Steve Sheppard
Indianapolis: Liberty Fund;
3 vols., 1,648 pp., $32.00

◆

Here Lies Edward Coke, Knight of Gold, of Imperishable Fame, Spirit, Interpreter, and Inerrant Oracle of the Law, Discloser of its Secrets—Concealer of its Mysteries, Thanks Almost Alone to Whose Good Office, Our Lawyers Are Learned in the Law. A River, Torrent, and Flood of Eloquence, Singular Priest of Persuasion. Divine Master. In Courts, He Spoke In Such a Way That One Would Believe Him to Have Studied Only the Secular, But He Lived as One Who Had Studied Nothing but the Divine. Most Devoted Investigator of Profound Faithfulness. Integrity Itself, Always the Most Constant Advocate of the Cause of Truth Corrupted Neither by Favor Nor By Gifts. Exceptionally Merciful, the Defendant was Dearer to Him than he was to Himself (Which is a Miracle). He Often Heard Sentence Pronounced Against Himself with Dry Eyes Though Sentence Was Never Pronounced by the Man without Tears. An Ocean of Knowledge Who Alive was a Living Library, Deceased, Deserves the Name of Father of a Library, Father of Twelve Children and Thirteen Books. These Monuments May Crumble, The Marble Decay, (Except that they Show that his Children were Pious). He is His Own Monument to Himself. More Lasting than Marble He Himself Is His Own Immortality.



That, nicely translated from the Latin by the editor of these three volumes, is the epitaph of Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634), the greatest of all the English lawyers. His life was almost as impressive as the epitaph makes it out to have been. At one time or another, he held virtually every important office a commoner could, including high steward of Cambridge University (1575), solicitor-general (1592), speaker of the House of Commons (1593), attorney general (1594), and chief justice of both the Court of Common Pleas (1606) and King's Bench (1613). He faced down lords and kings, got tossed into prison because of it, and single-handedly did more to circumscribe the Stuarts' prerogative than dozens of his colleagues did.

His epitaph notwithstanding, Coke was still merely human. He was not above stretching legal authorities beyond the breaking point when he felt it necessary, and some of his opinions rely on very dubious authority. As a prosecutor, he could be particularly brutal and heartless. For example, as Elizabeth's attorney general, he brought an action for treason against Sir Walter Raleigh (whom he called, among other things, "a spider of hell") in which he used "disgraceful invective and unfair tactics, which later contribute[d] to the stay of Raleigh's execution."

Coke's connubial existence was the stuff of soap opera. At age 50, he married Lady Elizabeth, a woman 30 years his junior, in what was regarded by contemporaries as "a strange match, and which seemed to afford more amusement to bystanders than comfort to the parties concerned." Coke and Lady Elizabeth had a turbulent life together, including a "prolonged, very public fight over the control of their properties." Coke determined to marry their daughter off to a man twice her age (possibly the triumph of hope over experience, possibly something darker). His designated son-in-law was "Sir John Villiers, the penniless brother of Buckingham, the royal favorite," and the marriage, intended to buttress

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Coke's standing at court, was strongly resisted by his wife. Determined to make the alliance anyway, Coke kidnapped his daughter; at the instigation of his wife, he was then prosecuted for the kidnapping. Lady Elizabeth afterward proceeded to snatch their daughter back and was herself prosecuted for the same crime. Coke prevailed in *his* kidnapping case, got the king to approve of the marriage, and thus favorably disposed of his daughter; meanwhile, his wife languished in jail. His daughter, likely possessed of the fiery character of her mother, later eloped with "Sir Robert Howard, fleeing the country in man's clothing, [then gave] birth to a bastard son, and [finally died] abroad." In the meantime, Mrs. Coke, "Lady Elizabeth[; was] released from her imprisonment (in a London alderman's house) and renew[ed] a life dedicated to ridiculing her husband."

Whatever the mess his personal life may have been, his professional accomplishments were the stuff of immortality. As England's greatest legal historian, William Holdsworth, observed, Coke's writings are to the common law (English customs, judicial decisions, and acts of Parliament taken collectively) "what Shakespeare has been to literature, and the King James Bible to religion." Those writings—in particular Coke's four-volume *Institutes*, in which he summarized all of the English law regarding property, statutes, criminal law and procedure (what we now call "constitutional law"—for Coke, it was the jurisdiction of the various English courts, including the High Court of Parliament), and his 13 volumes of reports (two published posthumously and all containing decisions previously uncollected in any set of materials)—became the foundation of 18th- and 19th-century jurisprudence in England and America. As Steve Sheppard, the editor of these books, indicates in his Introduction:

> From Coke, Americans took not abstract notions of government but the tools of law, among them tools of substance—citizens' rights against the state, common law supremacy over local law, legal protections of property from state invasion, limits on monopoly and restraints of trade, the right to *habeas corpus*, and the right to limit the burdens of taxes and criminal sanctions to those that are enacted only by the people's representatives—and tools of process—judicial independence, judicial review of statutes, judicial review of administrative officials, and judicial impeachment for favoritism or bribery. Americans also acquired the habit of case reporting, treatise writing and statutory inventory, eventually building a vast body of written and accessible law.
>
> Aristotle's government of laws rather than men was given a practical foundation by Coke's writings and by a career in which, as [the English legal historian Frederick William] Maitland said, "The Common Law took flesh."

Use of Coke as the primary American legal authority probably gave way in the 19th century to Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Law of England* (1765-1769), but Blackstone relied extensively on Coke, much as Galileo did on Copernicus, and some Americans, most notably Thomas Jefferson, preferred Coke to Blackstone, because the former seemed more republican than the latter.

For all of Coke's fame and authority, however, it has always been—pardon the expression—a trial to read him. All of his books included much material in Latin and Law French, which every law student or lawyer was presumed to be able to translate for himself. Getting the useful nuggets out of Coke was difficult enough to make many strong men weep. One who famously did so was Joseph Story, probably the greatest justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, who wrote almost as much as Coke did; when, however, during his apprenticeship as a lawyer, he was made to read the first of Coke's *Institutes*, "I took it up, and after trying it day after day with very little success, I sat myself down and wept bitterly. My tears dropped upon the book, and stained its pages."

Story got over his early dismay at Coke by sheer force of will and went on to use the *Institutes* and *Reports* perhaps to excess in his own work. As Sheppard quotes him, capturing the eventual epiphany, "when I had completed the reading of this most formidable work, I felt I breathed a purer air, and that I had acquired a new power." The same could be said of Jefferson, who, though he "would later despair when Blackstone [was] taught in lieu of Coke in the law school at the University of Virginia, had early encounters with Coke like those of Story's." Of his required reading of the first volume of Coke's *Institutes*, Jefferson wrote, "I do wish the Devil had old Coke, for I am sure I never was so tired of an old dull scoundrel in my life."

Thanks to Mr. Sheppard's efforts, the next few generations of American lawyers will never have to suffer in the manner of Story or Jefferson. Mr. Sheppard, the author of several splendid law-review articles on Coke, is a law professor at the University of Arkansas. Along the way, he picked up a master's in literature from Oxford University, which shows in these three volumes. Not only is his Introduction a fine piece all on its own, he has elegantly translated all the Latin and Law French, culled the 17 major volumes of Coke to find the most influential passages and cases, and provided hundreds of helpful footnotes and introductions to each of the excerpts. Volume I contains a detailed chronology of the events in Coke's life; 58 of Coke's most famous cases from *The Reports*; and Coke's prefaces from each volume of these (which give a splendid sense of the then-current basic principles of legal education and jurisprudence). Volume II contains the prefaces to all four volumes of Coke's *Institutes*; the most important passages from those volumes; the text of Magna Carta; a famous and possibly spurious jury charge Coke gave at the Norwich Assizes (in which he railed against the Pope and his adherents—Coke was fiercely Protestant, as was English law in his time); and excerpts from some of Coke's lesser works, called the "Small Treatises." Volume III contains excerpts from Coke's speeches in Parliament, many uttered in defense of the 1628 *Petition of Right*, the great parliamentary circumscription of the King's prerogative and the model for the American Declaration of Independence, as well as Coke's epitaph, a fine index to all three volumes, and a fulsome bibliography of writings about Coke and his influence.

As is its custom, the Liberty Fund has made these books available at an astonishingly low price, allowing any lawyer or law student who seeks to recover his legal heritage to own copies. Coke's world was one in which timeless legal truths were routinely dispensed by way of Latin maxims, and these three volumes collectively serve as the sort of "book of maxims" that was indispensable to lawyers as recently as 50 years ago. Consider just a sampling: *Justiticia in sese virtutes continent omnes* ("Justice contains all the virtues in it-

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self"); *Lex orta est cum mente divina* ("Law arose by the divine will"); *Videte Judices quid faciatis, non enim hominis exercetis judicium sed Domini, & quodcunq; judicaveritis in vos redundabit* ("Judges, take heed what you do, for you do not exercise the judgment of man but of God and whatever you adjudge will redound upon you"); *Ipse autem Rex; non debet esse sub homine, sed sub Deo & Lege, quia Lex facit Regem; attribuat igitur Rex legi, quod Lex attribuit ei, videlicet dominationem & imperium: Non est enim Rex ubi dominator voluntas & non Lex* ("For the King himself ought to be under no man, but under God and the Law, for it is the Law that makes him King: therefore let the King attribute to the law what the Law attributes to him, namely lordship and power; for where arbitrary whim rules, and not Law, there is no king"); *maleficia non debent remanere impunitia et impunitas continuum affectum tribuit delinquendi, et minatur innocentes qui parcit nocentibus* ("Misconduct ought not to remain unpunished, for impunity gives continuous encouragement to offenders and threatens the innocent who suffer harm").

Perhaps not every lawyer these days gets a thrill from reading Latin (at least where translations are instantly available); some of us still do, however, and taking all of Coke's maxims interspersed in these volumes, one gets a marvelous sense of connection with the ancients. More to the point, the reader of Sheppard's version of Coke is startled to see that the basic problems of jurisprudence—the conflict between efficiency and equity; the mystifying nature of the legal doctrines that try to allow for multiple human purposes; the difficulty of separating public and private, secular and spiritual, freedom and responsibility—were essentially the same in Coke's day as they are in ours. Coke himself was not a particularly modest man, and he occasionally got slapped down when he put on airs. (He liked, apparently, to style himself "Lord Chief Justice of England," though he was never elevated to the upper house by the monarch.) And yet, the basic theme in all his writing is that one ought to be somewhat humble before the majesty of the law itself: a law divine in inspiration and, in application, supremely wise. Whatever he was like in person, a certain humility (admittedly, some of it a bit forced) emanates from his treatises, reports, and speeches. He understood, as did Burke, that, individually, men are foolish, selfish, and irrational; the species (or at least its great judges, lawyers, and treatise writers of the common law) collectively is wise, however, and ignored at one's peril.

A reading of these volumes shows the strong debt we owe to Coke for the basic principles of American constitutionalism: a government of laws, not men; the necessity for strong reasons even for legislators to depart from preexisting rules, while courts never should; the responsibility of the courts truly to limit legislatures and of executives to act only in accordance with the fundamental law (for Coke "the common law"; for us, the Constitution); reservation of the power to tax to the people's representatives; and the indispensability (as our Framers understood and as Alexander Hamilton, George Washington, and others frequently expressed) of law to order, morality to law, and religion to morality. Coke's world, of course, was not ours—no longer do we have the monarch or the hereditary aristocracy he sought to accommodate as well as to contain. Even so, the need for the courts and other governmental actors to be bound by the rule of law—the need to avoid the acts of arbitrary power—is as profound in our day as it was in Coke's. Professor Sheppard, in his Introduction, offers a nice definition of the rule of law:

> [T]he rule of law can be thought of as the idea that no person or group controls the state but that laws are applied to everyone equally and fairly by impartial and independent people who are themselves bound by the laws to do so.

His selections from Coke strongly suggest that the need to maintain the rule of law was, in large part, what drove the great jurist throughout his long life. What Coke had to say in the Preface to Volume III of his *Reports*, writing of other legal works and suggesting what he tried to avoid, applies as well to what has been accomplished in the editing of these three volumes:

> Certainely the faire outsides of enameled words and sentences, doe sometimes so bedazill the eye of the Readers minde with their glittering shew, as they cause them not to see or not to pierce into the inside of the matter; And he that busily hunteth after affected words, and followeth the strong scent of great swelling phrases, is many times (in winding of them in to shew a little verbal pride) at a dead losse of the matter it selfe, and so *Projicit ampullas & sequipedalia verba* ("He throws out bombast and inordinately long words"). To speake effectually, plainely, and shortly, it becometh the gravities of this [legal] profession: And of these things this little taste shall suffice.

©

Closing Tolkien

by Andrew Huntley

"And Rose drew him in, and set him
in his chair, and put little Elanor upon his lap.
"He drew a deep breath. 'Well, I'm back,' he said."

My time seemed flowing there—re-burgeoning—
I never knew how strongly years might stay:
Once more the final pages,—I could say
With Samwise, well, I'm back. Yet, in my spring
There was no loving Rosie—none to bring
Her promise that all the years would glide away,
Bearing a couple on their wedding day
That death alone could part . . . come anything!
My Middle-earth, little but breaking's been,
And scattered flowerings of sadness sown;
With autumn silent now in loneliness:
Where haven has withdrawn from every scene,
And, on and on, mere roads to madness shown—
And time *is* past; and only God may bless.

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Politics *Versus* Culture

by Clyde Wilson

America the Virtuous: The Crisis of Democracy and the Quest for Empire
by Claes G. Ryn
New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Publishers; 228 pp., $34.95

A Common Human Ground: Universality and Particularity in a Multicultural World
by Claes G. Ryn
Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press; 148 pp., $37.50

◆

We literate minority still at large here in the *Dar al-Harb* can learn much from Claes Ryn about our present condition and future prospects. In *America the Virtuous*, he makes a rigorous and definitive analysis of that phenomenon of "neoconservatism" that has converted the erstwhile American republic into a (self-)righteous empire.

Neoconservatism is really neo-Jacobinism, an elitist notion of governing the world according to certain abstractions alleged to be universal truths. Contrary to its promoters, as Ryn spells out beyond cavil, neoconservatism is both repulsive to the founding ideas of the United States and a pernicious heresy when viewed against the mainstream of Western civilization. Ryn's greatest strength is his ability to assimilate the phenomena of current cultural and political life into meaningful patterns of intellectual history and then to detect and expose fashionable and destructive deviations from the Western tradition. His larger purpose is to preserve and perpetuate that tradition amidst inevitable change—a mission he pursues with poise, insight, and catholic spirit.

A Common Human Ground confronts the era of multiculturalism with the ancient home truth of Aristotle that harmony among men is a product not of uniformity but of genuine, mutually respectful diversity. Of course, multiculturalism, as promulgated and practiced in the United States, has nothing to do with the pursuit of cultural diversity. In fact, it has nothing to do with either culture or diversity. Its goal is to substitute a coercive uniform nonculture for the glorious diversity of Western civilization, for the profit of certain groups and the proletarianization of the majority. Ryn's case is that respect for other cultures, and the peaceful coexistence of cultures, are only possible among people who are themselves conscious participants in their own, necessarily particularist culture. There *is* no universal culture. How could there be, when there is no such thing as a universal man? It takes nothing away from the author's achievement to notice that we must be in very sad shape indeed to require such sophisticated intellectual enterprise to point out the obvious.

The provenance of *A Common Human Ground* is interesting: It grew out of lectures the author was invited to give at Beijing University. It seems that some thoughtful post-Marxist scholars there have interested themselves in the problem of how the unique cultures thrown up by history can be preserved amidst the rushing tidal wave of globalization. These scholars had, despite all the obstacles of language, poverty, and repression, somehow become acquainted with Professor Ryn's writings and invited him to elaborate them. It is a real comfort to know that there are, somewhere in the world, at least a few representatives of an ancient culture, holding positions in its leading university, who yearn for cultural survival. Would that the same could be said about our country.

Clyde Wilson teaches history at the University of South Carolina.

The Bloody Quaker

by James O. Tate

The Man Who Would Be King: The First American in Afghanistan
by Ben Macintyre
New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux; 351 pp., $25.00

◆

In recent memory, when we think of Afghanistan, we recall perhaps first the struggle of the CIA-backed *mujahideen* guerillas against the Soviet invaders. The Soviets lost 50,000 men and eventually their power, but in their (our?) victory(?), the Afghans lost a million people and such unity as they had. The transition through civil war to the Taliban is a bit fuzzy, though the impression of "blowback" is unmistakable. More recently, we think of videotape of bombs falling on rocks and the bizarre displacement of Afghanistan by Iraq in American bombsights.

The sense of what Yogi Berra called "*déjà vu* all over again" is rather disquieting. America's repetition of British imperial entanglements offers many points of ironic reflection, not the least of which are the willfully misleading tone of our national rhetoric and the mordant formulation "Wolfowitz of Arabia." Of course, we all relate to the surreal politics of our time as best we can. I, in considering these matters, think of attending a garden party more than three decades ago at which I heard Jerry Bremer (our recently dethroned proconsul in Iraq) declare that Afghanistan, his first diplomatic posting, had many strategic options. Indeed it did.

British journalist and author Ben Macintyre has had his own experience of Afghanistan and has gone on to actualize and substantiate the imaginative vibrations and resonances he sensed there in 1989. One echo was of Rudyard Kipling's story "The Man Who Would Be King," written in 1888 when the author was but 23 years old. Macintyre calls Kipling's story "thrilling stuff, a story of freelance imperialism in which a white man becomes a powerful potentate in a distant land, but also a cautionary tale of colonial hubris, ending in disaster." He is right as far as he goes, but I think there is more to say about Kipling's great tale in its own right. As for the historical genesis of that fiction, Macintyre has made a tremendous contribution—or, rather, two contributions—to our understanding of the colonial imagination.

Macintyre came across hostile accounts of Josiah Harlan (1799-1871)—American Quaker and Freemason from Chester County, Pennsylvania, adventurer, quack, mercenary, and mountebank—in colonial British sources. The bulk of Harlan's papers were thought to have been lost in a fire in 1929, but Macintyre found his journals and other materials, misplaced in a local library. Harlan had boasted in 1842 that he had once been the prince of Ghor or Ghoree, a realm high in the Hindu Kush, under a secret treaty with its ruler. This boast was assumed either to be untrue or to be without foundation, but Macintyre found the document itself, justifying Harlan's claim to exotic royalty.

> But there, yellow with age at the bottom of the box, was a doc-

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ument, written in Persian and stamped with an intricately beautiful oval seal, a treaty, 170 years old, forged between an Afghan prince and the man who would be king.

Macintyre's second contribution is hard to define exactly, though easy to sense. I do not know whether it is his powers of expression or the vision and empathy that are expressed that lend his account such distinction. However that may be, his book is a whopping good read, whether he is accounting for all the senses in which Alexander the Great is such an imposing figure in history, in Afghanistan, in Harlan's imagination, and in Kipling's tale; or taking us through Harlan's campaign of 1838-9. Harlan led a division of the Kabul army of Dost Mohammed Khan as a punitive expedition against Murad Beg, khan of Kunduz, Uzbek warlord and slave trader, over the Hindu Kush, marching in the footsteps of Alexander. With nearly 4,000 men, 2,000 horses, 400 camels, and a bull elephant, Harlan sallied forth to cross mountain passes of nearly 16,000 feet. As he said, with the air too thin for flight, "large storks could be seen labouring up the steep passes on foot." The result of his expedition was both a glorious beginning and an ignominious end. Though he was secret royalty, he could not exploit the opportunity, for, as luck would have it, the results of his expedition were swept away by the British invasion of Afghanistan. Of the 15,000 people of the British incursion, only one survived. Harlan returned to America and obscurity.

The story of Harlan is not quite justified altogether for its own sake; Macintyre connects it firmly to Kipling's story. One stone that he has left unturned is a more precise attack on the great tale itself—a miniaturization of epic, romance, and tragedy, a triumph of the vernacular, and an object lesson in the craft of embedded or displaced narrative. Even Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* owes something to it; and we must be reminded that Conrad's character Lord Jim is based on James Brooke, the White Rajah of Sarawak, who is alluded to in Kipling's text. Another rock to be turned over, in my opinion, is to examine the phenomenon of the "bloody Quaker." Was Harlan so exceptional after all? As Martin Green has pointed out, the bloody Quaker is a staple of imperial romance, in Defoe's *Captain Singleton*, as well as in Cooper's Leatherstocking tales, in Robert Montgomery Bird's *Nick of the Woods*, and Melville's *Moby-Dick*.

Finally, I must add one further reflection. The excitement of Macintyre's narrative, regarding both Harlan and his own exploration, rather masks the truth that his account is fundamentally an inspired work of creative scholarship. What would have happened if the story had been written by an abstracted academic, hag-ridden with postmodern clichés about Harlan's sexuality, political incorrectness, misogyny, and orientalism? The tale would have had no teller and would have died as a monograph. Instead, a vivid and shrewd imaginative engagement has found its own best expression in this brilliant recital.

James O. Tate teaches English at Dowling College on Long Island.

I.O.U.: $10,000

by Paul Gottfried

The Case for Israel
by Alan Dershowitz
New York: John Wiley & Sons;
264 pp., $19.95

◆

Alan Dershowitz's brief on behalf of Israel has at least some truth on its side. Had the Arabs accepted the territorial partition arranged by the United Nations in 1947, far fewer of them would today be living in exile; and certainly the Palestinians in 1948 bore a heavy blame for the war that resulted in the expulsion of over 700,000 of their countrymen. Moreover, had the Arab commanders won their war in 1948, they would, in all probability, have been faithful to their exhortation to their troops and permitted a massacre of the defeated Jews. Finally, Israel has indeed established a more tolerant and (in the proper sense) liberal regime than have most of her Arab neighbors, and she did work to achieve a comprehensive peace with the Palestinians in the Camp David meetings, which the PLO rejected.

That said, it might seem that I welcome Dershowitz's brief. That, however, is far from being the case. This book includes such glaring factual errors and such odious charges against those who disagree with the author that Elie Wiesel, Mario Cuomo, and other dignitaries who provided blurbs for its dust jacket ought to be ashamed of themselves. In several internet debates with Dershowitz, historian-gadfly Norman Finkelstein, whose parents suffered in the real holocaust in Eastern Europe (rather than, like Dershowitz, in some belated postwar trauma in Brooklyn), took his antagonist to the cleaners. Dershowitz, as it turned out, was so ignorant of his subject that he could not identify the author of U.N. Security Council Resolution 242, requiring the Israelis to withdraw from the occupied territories. Equally significant, Dershowitz has borrowed large gobs of his text from a biased polemic by journalist Joan Peters. From Peters' unacknowledged work *From Time Immemorial*, Dershowitz takes the claim that the Palestinian presence in the disputed territory was minimal when the first modern Jewish settlement was established in the late 19th century. Peters also understates the number of Palestinians driven from their homes, while pretending that the expulsions had nothing to do with an Israeli plan for ethnic cleansing. Israeli historian Benny Morris, whom Dershowitz selectively quotes, had shot to pieces fictions regarding these matters before Peters' book appeared. By the mid-1980's, most of the Dershowitz-Peters account had undergone critical revision by the Israelis themselves, less inhibited than American Zionists about telling the truth.

Dershowitz might be surprised to learn that Jews and Arabs were both represented on both sides in World War I. There were even Jews who backed the "imperialist colonialist Turkish Empire," which Sephardic Jews—*e.g.*, the family of Anglo-Iraqi historian Elie Kedourie—had served for generations. There were, on the other side, Arab leaders, like the shariff of Mecca, a close friend of General Allenby and of Lawrence of Arabia, who fought for the British against the Turks. In World War II, contrary to Dershowitz's assertion, Arabs again had representatives on both sides of the struggle. While the grand mufti of Jerusalem reacted to a growing Jewish presence in the Middle East by endorsing Hitler, the Saudis backed their British allies. And—although this could be hard for Dershowitz to believe—right-wing Zionists, in the Etzel Leumi, solicited and took aid from the Nazis to launch a "Great Revolt" against the British.

In one particularly puzzling passage, we learn that "neo-fascists" and those who "have sided with America's enemies—the

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Kaiser, Hitler, Stalin, Saddam Hussein, and Osama bin Laden"—are now against "one of America's most loyal and valuable democratic allies." There were hundreds of thousands of Jews, however, some of whose descendants now live in Israel, who fought for the kaiser; and among Israel's founders, particularly in the labor movement, were admirers of Stalin, until the Soviet tyrant turned violently against Jews in the late 1940's. And, as far as I can tell, American critics of the Israeli treatment of the Palestinians are not exactly hot to trot with Osama bin Laden.

In Chapter 21, Dershowitz tells us that Israel is not a "racist state," being "racially and religiously pluralistic." Although the term "racist" now signifies nothing beyond the fact that the multicultural left is gunning for someone, Israel is not "pluralistic" in the sense that Dershowitz would favor pluralism for European-Americans. Government-owned property in Israel is not available for purchase by gentiles, whether Arab Muslim or American Christian. Under Israeli law, Jews and non-Jews cannot be legally married; and only those with Jewish mothers or those who have undergone the difficult process of an Orthodox Jewish conversion can become Israeli citizens under the Law of Return. Non-Jews who wish to serve in the government or rise in the officer class would do well to move elsewhere. It is also misleading to deny that Zionists in the past, including those who settled Israel, did not believe in a single Jewish state. All right-wing Zionists—most conspicuously the Revisionists—and at least some on the Zionist left accepted the very premise that Dershowitz denies Israel's Zionists affirmed. Many of the early Zionists believed the Arabs should be kept around—as a service class. What Dershowitz should have emphasized is that this view is not that of the present Israeli government. Although descended from the Revisionists, who called for a "Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan," the Likud coalition now in power accepts (at least in its public statements) negotiations intended to achieve Israeli security and Palestinian independence.

Dershowitz crams his foot even more deeply into his mouth around page 60. Here we read that Christian and Muslim countries both owe the Jews their own state in the Middle East, just as American whites owe the descendants of black slaves affirmative action. One might ask whether the millions of Christians who fought against the Nazis, and the Christian churches and countries that have never persecuted Jews, are also obligated to provide compensation. The problem is that even Christians who aided Jews during the Nazi period, such as Pius XII, have changed from benefactors to victimizers, at least in the fevered imaginations of Dershowitz and his Harvard colleague Daniel Goldhagen.

Finally (in Chapter 31), the author lets it all hang out, like Woody Allen's quetschy brother-in-law in *Deconstructing Harry*, who chides fellow Jews for not being pushy enough in standing up to non-Jews. Two of Israel's critics, Noam Chomsky and Pat Buchanan, "have flirted with Holocaust denial," but Buchanan, who is a "classical anti-Semite," is apparently easier to explain than Chomsky, "who went to the same Hebrew-speaking camp" as Dershowitz. Their accuser, however, cites no evidence that either of these men has ever denied that the holocaust took place. Dershowitz also fails to explain what distinguishes a "classical anti-Semite" from the less authentic kind. I suspect the bar is not very high for either.

What strikes me in reading Dershowitz's response to Finkelstein's charges on the internet is how little sweat went into the construction of his case for Israel. Having boasted that he would pay $10,000 to the PLO if anyone could discover a single factual mistake in his printed text, Dershowitz should pay up or claim that he was joking. In a mere 20 pages (near the beginning of his book), he cribs repeatedly from Peters' much longer one, and, though two of the overlapping passages are from Lord Canning and Mark Twain, they also appear in a work that came out two years earlier. Although Dershowitz acknowledges in his footnotes some of these debts, the acknowledgements do not suggest the real extent of the borrowing.

Had Dershowitz done his own spadework, he would likely have been able to identify the British ambassador to the United Nations in 1967, Lord Caradon, as the author of Security Council Resolution 242. This information can be found by a quick search on Google. Is it possible, one might ask, for someone who had just authored a study on Greek literature not to know that Aeschylus composed *The Oresteia*? Would the real author mispronounce the playwright's name and attribute his work to Aesop?—as Dershowitz, in an exchange with Finkelstein, called Caradon "Carrington," before protesting that it did not really matter. It is likewise astonishing that someone of Dershowitz's presumed learning knows as little about modern European history as this book would seem to indicate. His treatment of Arab and Jewish participation in World War I may be attributed to indiscriminate borrowing from Peters, who makes much of Turkish oppression of the Jewish settlers in Palestine and the apparent unanimity of Jewish support for England. Such exaggeration may have been intended to validate Zionist claims on the English government—which, it could be argued, guaranteed the creation of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. It also seems to reflect the inveterate hatred of Turkey's ally Germany, which later persecuted Jews under the Nazi government. One comes away from Dershowitz's book realizing that the author, while brazen as always, is badly prepared for his latest combative encounter. In fact, I would not be surprised to learn that someone else had done his dubious research.

Paul Gottfried, a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, is the author, most recently, of Multiculturalism and the Politics of Guilt *(University of Missouri Press).*

Americans Before the Fall

by H.A. Scott Trask

Washington's Crossing
by David Hackett Fischer
New York: Oxford University Press; 564 pp., $35.00

◆

For those of us who love the Old Republic, a new book by David Hackett Fischer is a cause for celebration. His newest will not disappoint the high expectations created by his previous work. *Washington's Crossing* is really a successor volume to *Paul Revere's Ride* (1994), about the battles of Lexington and Concord and the harrowing British retreat. Both combine a riveting military narrative with Fischer's sensitivity to the differences between, *and within*, British and Anglo-American cultures and the way these cultures shaped why and how their peoples fought. His latest book is more ambitious only in that it covers more ground.

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Washington's Crossing begins with the British evacuation of Boston (March 1776) and takes us through the battles for New York (August through November), the British conquest of New Jersey and Rhode Island (November and December), the American counterattacks at Trenton and Princeton, and the New Jersey uprising (winter 1777).

In the summer of 1776, the Howe brothers (Adm. Richard Howe and Gen. William Howe), in joint command of the British North American forces, entered New York Harbor with 32,000 troops (22,000 British regulars and 10,000 Hessian mercenaries). In the campaign that followed, the British methodically defeated the American Continental Army in a series of battles, drove them headlong out of New York City, and, by December, occupied three northern colonies. Loyalist militias formed, and thousands of Americans in the occupied areas came forward to accept the Howes' offer of amnesty and pardon if they swore loyalty to the king. The British believed they had dealt the rebellion a crippling blow, and many Americans believed their cause was lost.

The Howes were Whigs who had not approved of the coercive policies of the North ministry that had led to the American rebellion. Now, they wanted to restore the allegiance of the colonies by a dual policy of firmness and conciliation. They hoped to persuade the Americans that they could not defeat British arms and that reconciliation was the wisest, most profitable, and most honorable course. There were two problems with this policy: the troops on the ground and the American desire to be free of British rule.

Orders mandating leniency and respectful treatment of civilians were commonly disregarded. British and Hessian troops often denied quarter to surrendering Americans. In the battle for Manhattan, Hessians executed 60 Americans soldiers after capture, shooting each one through the head. Outside Princeton, Hessians captured an American Presbyterian chaplain. They stripped him naked, tormented him, and then bayoneted him to death, much to the amusement of the British. The Hessians also systematically looted American homes. (They regarded the spoils of war as part of their pay.) The British were even worse in one respect: They regarded American women as fair game. During the occupation of New Jersey, British officers and enlisted men engaged in an orgy of rape. Although young women were the preferred target, girls as young as ten were ravaged, as were pregnant mothers and even some older women. Other women were kidnapped and held for days as sex slaves. The details are shocking, and one wonders why such barbarities are not included in college lecture courses, textbooks, and histories.

These incidents, besides the usual voracious demands of an occupying army for food, forage, and livestock, infuriated the local population, and, within weeks, the British had to contend with a growing insurgency. Without orders or direction from either the Congress or the Continental Army, the men of New Jersey began waging a guerrilla war against their British and German occupiers. Sentries were shot at; officers traveling alone were killed; outposts, attacked; and British patrols and foraging parties, ambushed. Fischer describes the "rising" as an "autonomous event, by angry men against a hated oppressor."

The insurgency was most active around Trenton, at the farthest point of the British advance. From the north, the militia of Hunterdon County launched raids. To the south, a Virginia colonel, who had been left behind during the American retreat, began rallying the local militia, and by the end of December, had over 1,000 troops threatening the British flank. From across the Delaware River, General Ewing of the Pennsylvania militia began launching raids on the Hessian garrison at Trenton.

The Jersey uprising helped persuade Washington to risk crossing into New Jersey with his army to attack the besieged and stressed garrison at Trenton. Fischer points out that this bold stroke was not Washington's idea but that of his adjutant, Col. Joseph Reed, a Pennsylvanian. After the first battle of Trenton, Washington was considering crossing back into Pennsylvania when news arrived that Colonel Cadwalader had crossed into New Jersey with 1,800 Pennsylvanian troops and had occupied Burlington. His men refused to withdraw back across the river. Washington decided to stay in Jersey and fight again. Fischer argues that Washington's success lay in his practice of convening war councils in which officers were permitted to speak candidly and advance their own ideas. Washington had none of that prideful resentment that prevents many generals from taking advice or acting on the sound ideas of those below them. Later, after the second battle of Trenton (another American victory), Washington again summoned a council and decided to act on Gen. Arthur St. Clair's suggestion that the Americans should abandon their fortified position above Trenton, conduct a night march, and attack the British rear at Princeton.

These operations—the night crossing of an ice-choked river, night marches in the dead of winter, marching and fighting in sleet and snow, surprise attacks at dawn—changed the course of the war. The British high command was stunned. Their troop strength was severely weakened, morale had plummeted, and the Americans were becoming a "formidable enemy." Recruits flocked to join Continental regiments, and the Jersey militia turned out to harass the remaining British forces in the state. General Howe had to abandon southern New Jersey entirely and concentrate his forces in a narrow enclave along the Raritan River from Brunswick to Perth Amboy. In the winter Forage War (January to March), there were hundreds of small engagements, most of which the Americans won; and the British suffered an additional thousand casualties. By the spring of 1777, the wisest British officers were writing home confessing failure and doubting if they could ever suppress the rebellion. Some resigned and returned to England.

American men of *all* classes and occupations fought; and they were led, not by military professionals, but by their natural leaders, men of wealth and standing. They were jealous of their liberties, and they expected their leaders to keep their word. Fischer terms it an "army of liberty." There were backcountry riflemen from Virginia and Pennsylvania whose flag was the coiled rattlesnake and whose motto, "Don't Tread on Me," captured their ideal of individual liberty and self-reliance. There were the Philadelphia Associators, volunteer militia formed from the shopkeepers, artisans, and mechanics of the city. They elected their own officers, including their commander, Col. John Cadwalader, one of the richest merchants in Philadelphia. There was the Fourteenth Massachusetts Continentals, the Marblehead Regiment, composed of seamen, fishermen, and artisans from the north shore, commanded by Col. John Glover, a prosperous shipowner. There was Colonel Haussegger's regiment of German-American farmers from Pennsylvania.

Rather than sitting out the war in a counting house or a coffee shop, the upper classes served both as officers *and pri-*

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vates. One of the generals of the New Jersey militia was the wealthy landowner Philemon Dickinson, the brother of John Dickinson. Colonel Smallwood's Maryland Continentals was composed of the sons of planters, lawyers, and merchants from Baltimore and Annapolis. They proved a fine fighting regiment, but they placed conditions on their service—immunity from corporal punishment and the right to resign if the terms of their enlistment were not honored. The First Troop of Philadelphia Light Horse was a small unit comprising young men of wealth who supplied their own horses, weaponry, and uniforms. They performed splendidly as scouts at the battle of Princeton.

The men who fought to be free of British imperial control were not about to lay down their liberties before an American general. Washington, whose Virginian ideal of hegemonic liberty was close to the British notion of hierarchical liberty, complained of the state militias that "they come and go as they please." Of course they did. They were freemen, and they had families to care for, farms to tend, and work to do. Despite their irregular service, their contribution and presence was vital to the American victories at Trenton and Princeton. If they had been compelled to serve for long periods and subjected to strict military discipline, they might not have fought as well, if at all.

The terms of enlistment of most Continental regiments ended on December 31. Thus, after the battle of Trenton (December 26), Washington realized he could not stay in New Jersey to exploit his previous victory as most of his army was preparing to go home. What to do? Our current leaders have simply compelled troops to stay beyond their terms of enlistment or have extended deployments beyond previously promised end dates, and American soldiers have meekly submitted. Americans in 1776 would never have stood for such broken faith. Acting on the advice of Thomas Mifflin, a Philadelphia merchant and militia general, Washington offered every man who stayed with the army another six weeks ten dollars in hard money. In addition, he called them together and pleaded with them to reenlist and help deal the British another defeat. It was the coldest part of a frigid winter, they were exhausted, and they sorely missed their families and homes; most, however, stayed on.

Fischer's narrative is at once a source of pride to old-stock Americans and of shame, for it reveals how far the character and liberties of this country have fallen. We are not the same people. I refer to the descendants and kin of those stalwart and heroic men who fought on the snowy fields of New Jersey. It is also disconcerting to realize that, in the ongoing war in Iraq, the Americans are the occupying imperial army, hated and despised by the populace, whom they regularly humiliate, brutalize, steal from, and frequently massacre.

Fischer seems unaware of the transformation. Just as in *Albion's Seed*, where he argued that the four British-American cultures so well delineated by him were still extant in late-20th-century America, he assumes the current army is the lineal descendant of its Continental predecessor. Fortunately, Fischer is a better historian than he is an observer of the degeneracy that his work so brilliantly illuminates by its contrast with the present.

H.A. Scott Trask has just completed Condy Raguet and the Northern Laissez-Faire, State-Rights Tradition *and is now working on his Civil War book* Copperheads and Conservatives: The Northern Antiwar Movement, 1861-65.

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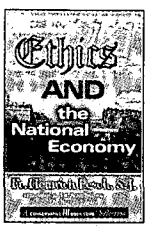

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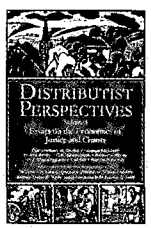

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by Samuel Francis

Queen of the Damned

"What I like best about the Order of the Garter," Lord Melbourne is reported to have remarked, "is that there is no damned merit about it." Had the Philadelphia Society existed in Melbourne's day, he would have found damned little merit in it either, though the society is not on quite the same level of social prestige as the unmeritorious Knights of the Garter. Founded in 1964, the Philadelphia Society is a small band of conservative eggheads of which I have had the honor and pleasure to be a member since 1979. Probably almost all the more important figures of American conservatism of the 1960's were members also, and the character of the society is distinctly Old Right. Not only I but several other editors of or contributors to *Chronicles* are or have been members of the society, which helps explain why there is no merit involved. (Indeed, I even served on its Board of Trustees for a couple of years in the 1980's.)

What is involved—or at least what most members always thought was involved—in gaining admission to the society's august ranks and inner precincts was adherence to something like the philosophical conservatism of the Old Right, the conservative consensus or "conservative mainstream" of the 1950's and 60's, a body of thought from which I have come to dissent in several respects in recent years but which did provide the framework for both my own intellectual and political development and that of many other writers and activists of the American right. Yet, in the last few months, it has become virtually impossible to preserve the illusion that the society takes even that philosophical commitment seriously anymore. At its meeting in April, it chose as its new president none other than Midge Decter.

Miss Decter, like Elizabeth Taylor and most other female celebrities, is always known by her maiden name, although she would be just as well known if she used her married one—Mrs. Norman Podhoretz. Both husband and wife are founders of neoconservatism, a body of thought that is just as distinctly not what characterizes the Philadelphia Society as Old Right conservatism once did characterize it. The appointment of Miss Decter as the society's president largely eviscerates the pretense that the latter still does.

If there is no merit about the society, neither is there much democracy, which is just as well usually. Despite my statement that the society "chose" Miss Decter as president, officers are rather mysteriously appointed and are never elected by the whole membership. Exactly who did choose Miss Decter and how, let alone why, remains as much of a mystery as what happened to Amelia Earhart. Whatever one thinks of the merits of the neoconservatism she, her husband, and a handful of their cronies invented in the 1970's, it has little in common with what the Philadelphia Society and the Old Right in general have always professed.

Yet what makes her appointment even more bizarre is her relationship with one of the Philadelphia Society's leading figures of the recent past, the late Russell Kirk. Dr. Kirk, perhaps the major and most influential exponent of "Burkean" or classical conservatism in the United States in the late 20th century, was a founding member of the Philadelphia Society and its past president. If there is any individual who embodied Old Right conservatism of that era, it was he, and all who knew him knew he had as little use for the neoconservatism espoused by Miss Decter and her circle as the neoconservatives do for what he believed.

In 1988, in a speech about neoconservatism at the Heritage Foundation in Washington, D.C., Dr. Kirk delivered himself of the playful but mildly critical remark that "not seldom it has seemed as if some eminent neo-conservatives mistook Tel Aviv for the capital of the United States." We all know what happens to anyone who suggests that neoconservatives (or anyone else) are too pro-Israeli, and it happened to Dr. Kirk immediately—at the hands (or, more properly, the mouth) of Midge Decter.

"A bloody outrage, a piece of anti-Semitism by Kirk that impugns the loyalty of neo-conservatives," she bellowed to the *Washington Times*. "He has defined [us] as a bunch of New Right Jews [and] said people like my husband and me put the interests of Israel before the interests of the United States, that we have a dual loyalty." (I was personally present at the Kirk speech on October 6, 1988, and he said nothing of the sort.)

It was not the first time Miss Decter had ranted the ugly smear of antisemitism at Old Right figures. Two years before, she had taken the lead in lobbing similar accusations against columnist and then-*National Review* senior editor Joe Sobran, calling him "a crude and naked anti-Semite" in a letter privately circulated to his editors at various conservative magazines and newspapers. Around the same time, also in 1986, after a vigorous and not terribly friendly debate between neoconservatives and Old Right conservatives (at the Philadelphia Society, as a matter of fact), Miss Decter denounced one speaker in particular and the Old Right of the society in general for their alleged antisemitism and bigotry. "It's this notion of a Christian civilization," she sneered to John Judis of the *New Republic*. "You have to be part of it or you're not really fit to conserve anything. That's an old line and it's very ignorant." It also is more or less precisely what almost all Old Right conservatives (excluding a good many libertarians) believed and still believe—not that, in order to be a conservative, you have to be a Christian specifically (though it probably helps) but that you do have to consider yourself to be part of the Christian civilization of the West. Miss Decter evidently does not.

Miss Decter, of course, is free to dissent from that belief, free to denounce those who adhere to it, and free to snort derision at "this notion of a Christian civilization," but, in doing so, she ought to forfeit any plausible pretense whatsoever of being a conservative of the Philadelphia Society kidney, let alone its president. Had it not been for Miss Decter's habits of smearing Old Right personalities and leaders as Jew-baiters, we might even today pass over her strange elevation to the presidency. The incoherence of appointing as president someone whose philosophical and political commitments are so in conflict with those of the vast majority of the membership could be ignored or explained, but what cannot be explained is

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precisely what has always been the major issue of contention between the Old Right and the neoconservatives—namely, the rigid insistence of the latter that they not only be accepted as real conservatives but that they dictate to the right who else is and is not "acceptable."

Anyone familiar with the history of conservative intellectualism knows that, since the 1950's at least, there have been debates and controversies between traditionalists and libertarians, Southerners and Lincolnites, Catholics and Protestants, *etc.* Almost all these exchanges were conducted with courtesy and respect. Only when the neocons were let through the door were personal accusations hurled and the demand issued that Old Rightists who were not "acceptable" to them be pushed out. Miss Decter and her husband have been leaders in developing that particular tactic.

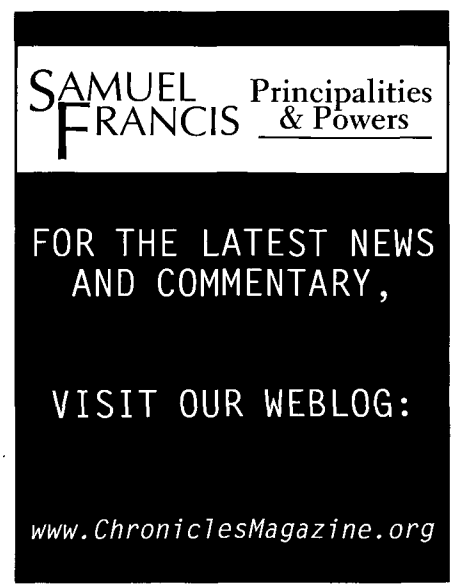
No sooner had Miss Decter ascended to the presidency of the society this spring than she issued yet another, though vaguer, accusation. Delivering a speech at the meeting on conservatism and foreign policy (an entirely predictable and banal assertion of the need for the current war with Iraq), she started off with what is surely one of the most remarkable statements in the history of American conservatism:

> Before I begin there is something I wish to say. . . . And that is: I am not now, nor for something like thirty years have I been, a neoconservative. Neither are the following people neoconservatives: my husband, my son, my three daughters, and those of my ten grandchildren who are old enough to have serious political views. Neocons were people who discovered in the course of the 1960's—or early 70's—that they could no longer stomach the cultural and political antics of their former liberal friends and associates and discovered that, as Lenin himself once put it, he who says A must say B. One of our forebears, after all, was no less real a conservative than Ronald Reagan. He, too, as a grown man discovered his B. The reason I begin with this declaration, tiresome as it undoubtedly seems, is that the charge of neoconservatism—which has in recent times been leveled and fancifully decorated by a strange alliance of hard-bitten Leftists and certain mysteriously bitter members of the Old Right—this charge is a disingenuous stand-in for a characterization of a different kind, namely, that a neoconservative is a Jew who supports U.S. policy in Iraq not because he thinks it good for the United States but only because he believes it will benefit Israel. It is, in other words, meant to be a charge of dual loyalty on the part of people like me. The reason I bring this up is that, one, it will surely not surprise you to hear me assert that I am a Jew, and two, it will probably not surprise you either to hear me announce that I wholeheartedly support the war in Iraq.

There is perhaps no need to explain what exactly is wrong with this statement, let alone take the space to do so. In the first place, *neoconservatism*, as both its critics on the right and its own exponents understand the term, does not simply refer to liberals and leftists who become conservatives. In that sense, such Old Right figures as Whittaker Chambers, Frank Meyer, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall, and even Russell Kirk (a juvenile socialist) would qualify as neoconservatives also. Neoconservatism refers to a body of thought that purports to be a new kind of conservatism. It is new (neo) because its ideas are said to be new, not because those who subscribe to them are new to their adherence to old conservatism. Mr. Midge Decter (Norman Podhoretz) himself acknowledged this in a 1995 speech in which he described those who originally began formulating neoconservatism in the 1960's as "caught up in the process of shaping a perspective of their own that differed in important respects from the older varieties of American conservatism." Miss Decter really ought to read her husband's speeches sometime.

The other remarkable feature of her remarks this spring is her brazen claim that she and her family are not and for 30 years have not been neoconservatives at all. As anyone familiar with her and her family's careers will see at once, that is simply false, and so is her unpleasant and hackneyed regurgitation that the term *neoconservative* today is simply a code word for "Jews" deployed by crypto-antisemites. It is essentially the same charge she made against Mr. Sobran, Dr. Kirk, and the speakers at the Philadelphia Society nearly 20 years ago. Whatever you say about the eggheads who made her their president, Miss Decter herself has not changed in the least.

Most people, even most conservatives of any kind, have probably never heard of the Philadelphia Society and would soon forget about it if they did, so what difference does it make who its president is and what she (or he) thinks or says? It makes a difference for this simple reason: If there was any group in the United States today that could claim to represent the thinking of the Old Right, it was the Philadelphia Society. The fact that even these good people are today perfectly happy to tolerate as their president a person who not only dissents from most of what the society purports to think but launched the most harmful and hostile accusations against a man who was the society's own past president and remains a widely respected, influential, and even beloved figure of the conservative movement tells us all we need to know—not so much about its new queen but about the society itself and those who compose it. These pathetic people are brain-dead, living corpses who no longer know what they believe or even what they are supposed to believe and who will endure whatever insults are heaped upon them, and their pretenses can no longer be taken seriously. Nor, perhaps, can the flawed doctrines of the Old Right be taken any more seriously than the zombies who have abandoned them. Americans who wish to conserve what remains of their civilization will have to find some other assembly in which to fly whatever banners they wish to march under. ◇



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by Scott P. Richert

The End of the Innocence

This town ain't big
This town ain't small.
It's a little of both they say.
And our ball club may be minor league
But at least it's Triple A. . . .
We don't worry 'bout the pennant much
We just like to see the boys hit it deep
There's nothing like the view
From the cheap seats.
—*Alabama, "The Cheap Seats"*

Opening Day in Rockford, and my children, wide-eyed with excitement, are dragging me through the gate to the last season opener for the Rockford RiverHawks at Marinelli Field, and, in all likelihood, the last season opener for Marinelli Field itself. Next spring, the RiverHawks will move to a new stadium currently being constructed on the northeast side of town, out by the tollway—in Loves Park.

In many ways, the two stadiums could not be farther apart, but the presence of the RiverHawks—who belong to the far-from-Triple A independent Frontier League—several miles away will almost certainly mean that no minor-league team will consider making Marinelli, or any other downtown Rockford location, their home. And thus Rockford, recently named by *Sports Illustrated* as the number-one sports town in Illinois, will be without minor-league baseball.

The team's owner, Dave Ciarrachi, expressed an interest in moving the RiverHawks a mile up the road to Davis Park, in the heart of downtown Rockford, where the new stadium would sit right on the west bank of the Rock River. But Mayor Doug Scott dropped the ball, as he has on so many other downtown projects over the past three years.

Ciarrachi's desire to move is not surprising. While Marinelli is nestled in an idyllic (for Rockford, at least) setting on the east side of the Rock River in the southwest part of town, it is poorly oriented, and the batter and most of the crowd squint directly into the setting sun. While the stadium has the feel of a neighborhood park, the neighborhood has largely disappeared, and few people can walk to a game. Fewer still would want to walk home after dark. Marinelli may not be in "the part of town where if you hit a red light you don't stop," but it shares the same ZIP code.

I'm ashamed to say that it has taken the potential end of baseball at Marinelli to get me to my first game in the eight-and-a-half years that we have lived in Rockford. Growing up in a small village in Michigan, baseball was the backdrop to my everyday life. My elementary school was on the same block as our house; my junior-high and high schools were across the street. In between, on the southwest corner of the block, sat two diamonds, the larger one for baseball, the other (closer to the elementary school) for softball.

Every day for 12 years, I walked past one or both fields, smelled the freshly cut grass, hung on the outfield fence and watched the team warm up for the game. In the spring, the fields were occupied most of the day and evening, with girls' softball and varsity baseball but also innumerable pick-up games featuring players of all ages.

In the morning, when the fields were empty as I walked by, they seemed to take on a magical quality. During six years of junior and senior high, I could have saved myself a minute or two each day on the way to school by climbing the fence and cutting across the field, but I never did. My reluctance didn't stem from some George Will "Field of Dreams" meditation on the "religion" of baseball but from the concrete fact of the fence, which set off that piece of land for a purpose other than my convenience. The community that gathered outside of that fence was more important than what happened on the field, but the field was what made that community come together.

Looking around up here in the cheap seats, I realize that there is a community at Marinelli, too—of old-line Rockfordians, black and white and brown, factory workers and laborers, old men and high-school kids. Some of them will follow the RiverHawks to their new stadium; many will not. The tickets will undoubtedly be more expensive (though a bargain, still, compared with Major League tickets); the stadium may be too far away; it sits on the edge of a sanitized, yuppified area of chain stores and health clubs and new subdivisions. The crowd in the stands at the new ballpark may become a community, but I have my doubts. Suburbanites who live in vinyl-sided ranches tend to feel more comfortable in a crowd.

The game is a rout; the RiverHawks trounce the Springfield/Ozark Ducks 9-2—a near-perfect ending for a season opener. The children decide that they want to sign up for the kids' club, which will get them tickets to ten games throughout the season, and, as I gather our coats, I find myself looking forward to spending many evenings this summer at Marinelli.

Although I have always enjoyed playing sports and watching them live, I have never been much of a sports fan. The idea of following a professional team seems alien to me. I view sports, like the rest of life, through the lens of subsidiarity. Why should I root for the Detroit Tigers when I had the Spring Lake Lakers or, later, the Michigan State Spartans? Why bother with the Cubs or the White Sox or the Brewers, when Rockford has its own RiverHawks? A team that I cannot afford to see play live is an abstraction, a splash of electrons on a TV screen; you should transfer your allegiance to such abstract entities only when necessary.

As the lights go down over the field, I try to hustle the children out of the stands and into the parking lot so that we can walk back to the car while we watch the fireworks. We don't make it. The first volleys burst above center field, and we turn and stand at the top of the steps leading down out of the stands. As I look out across the empty and darkened diamond, lit briefly but brilliantly by each explosion, the last remaining cares of the day melt away.

Just to hit the ball and touch them all
A moment in the sun . . .

Wrapped up in the sight and the sound, I hardly even notice that Neil Diamond's schlock-pop anthem to unlimited immigration, "Coming to America," is blaring out of the speakers; when was the last time

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you saw a fireworks display and weren't subjected to the Solitary Man? But now, accompanied by several especially jarring explosions, come the swelling strains of "God Bless America":

> Stand beside her and guide her
> Through the night with a light
> from above.

And suddenly, we're all grown up / and this old town's not quite so small, as the field before me fades from view and I find myself staring at the images of Baghdad that monopolized my TV screen at the beginning of the Iraq war. The moment, a brief, happy return to my childhood, has been lost.

Every generation, it seems, has its defining moment. My teen years coincided with Ronald Reagan's two terms in office; it was, relatively speaking, a good time to grow up, when America was "walking real proud and talking real loud again." (The reality, of course, was somewhat different, but teenagers live on perception.) Gulf War I was an awakening; September 11 was a shock, even for those of us who understood the threat posed by insurgent Islam; but the war in Iraq and the United States' headlong rush into empire has been, for me and others in my generation, the end of the innocence.

Leftist critics of empire, being good humanitarians, tend to focus on imperial excesses abroad, and our actions in Iraq have had their share. The worst damage, however, is the corruption that occurs at home, which can only fully be understood by those on the patriotic right (the real right, not the Microsoft-Wal-Mart-McDonald's nationalists of Fox News or the left-right of the neoconservatives); and in this, the war in Iraq may have a greater effect even than the Vietnam War. The neoconservatives who control this administration have argued since 1989 that we needed to find another enemy to replace communism, but the Cold War justification for Vietnam looks clear and logical compared with our stated reasons for getting bogged down in the current quagmire. Because these perfidious policy wonks have hijacked U.S. foreign policy to serve non-American (not to say un-American) purposes, decent people can no longer watch fireworks on Opening Day without staring into the face of horror.

Over the past few months, we have received the occasional letter from a subscriber informing us that he will not renew his subscription when it runs out because *Chronicles* has "only criticized the war in Iraq but hasn't offered a constructive alternative." At first, I found these remarks puzzling; after all, in February of last year, before the war began, we published an entire issue ("Target: Iraq") devoted to alternatives, and it hardly needs saying that Tom Fleming, Srdja Trifkovic, and Sam Francis continue to offer better analysis and recommendations than those emanating from the fevered imaginations of Richard Perle and Paul Wolfowitz. I finally realized, however, that these subscribers aren't necessarily in favor of the war but, as decent patriots and loyal Republicans, have been caught up, however reluctantly, in the imperial transformation of America. Their letters express a frustration at not finding in our pages a sound-bite alternative that they could use to reply to those who spout the Bush administration's sound-bite justifications for this war. If we could offer that, however, *Chronicles* would not be the same magazine.

Having invaded the most secular country in the Middle East and turned it into a hornet's nest of Islam, we have two options. We can engage Islam as Christians and men of the West, fighting by the just-war rules that represent all that is best in our tradition (no more Abu Ghraibs or carpet-bombing of civilian targets) while realizing that following those rules may mean that we lose the physical battle but win the spiritual war. Call a spade a spade and an insurgent, a warrior. Quit spreading the lie that Islam is a "religion of peace" and acknowledge the truth: Islam is a demonic religion of war and of strife, second in size only to Christianity and second to none in the fervor of its adherents. Only once we see it for what it is can we engage it properly, without descending to its level. That would require, however, a truly Christian leadership in America; and of that, we are sadly lacking.

Our other option is to admit what we have gotten ourselves into; to pull out; to shed the shackles of empire. Return to our borders, and secure them. Deport all non-citizen Muslims (and Jews, and any other non-citizens whose primary allegiance is likely to be to a country other than ours), and set about the business of rebuilding the moral, cultural, social, economic, and political infrastructure of this country. While this wouldn't necessarily require a Christian leadership, it might help our leaders become more Christian, because, in the end, it would amount to a form of repentance.

My wife and I have shielded our children from the images—and even the discussion—of the war in Iraq (proof positive, I'm sure Sean Hannity would say, that we're really closet liberals), and, as I look down at my children gazing up at the fireworks, I'm relieved to find their eyes more bright than the explosions reflected in them. Their awe, unlike mine, is unaccompanied by shock—but for how long?

If the United States pursued either of the options above, I could explain our country's actions to my children and have hope that, someday, they might simply be able to enjoy Opening Day with their children. I cannot explain to them what we are doing now. In the larger scheme of things, it may seem minor, but this, to me, is one of the worst effects of empire: that fathers standing in stadiums on Opening Day in "the middle-size towns / in the middle of the Middle West" should find themselves at a loss for words, and not because of what's happening on the field. <◊>

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Letter From Prague

by Srdja Trifkovic

The Perils of "United Europe"

◆

A visitor to Prague in the immediate aftermath of the Czech Republic's formal entry into the European Union will find few outward signs that something rather momentous has taken place. Your documents are still checked at the border crossing as you drive into the country from Germany; the *koruna* (crown) is still the legal tender; and the gold-and-blue E.U. logo does not yet adorn any Czech license plates.

There are other, more important, visible distinctions. Compared with most of her Western European partners in the Union, Bohemia is still remarkably monoethnic and monoracial—which may help explain why Prague is one of the safest and cleanest capital cities in Europe. Unlike those of Rome or Paris, its magnificent squares are mercifully free of the street "merchants" from Lagos and pickpockets from Tirana.

This may change soon, however, according to Michael Semin, executive director of the Civic Institute. I met this youthful-looking father of five when I came to Prague as a guest of the Institute to attend its conference "Can the West Be Defended?" and found in Mr. Semin a Euro-skeptic who sees no reason for celebration. He predicts that the new, post-communist members of the European Union will no longer be the masters of their own borders and will not be able to control who will settle in their lands: "We will have to adjust completely to the immigration policy dictated from Brussels, as immigration is one of the areas over which member-countries will have no veto power. The new members will have to have the same immigration policy as, say, Germany or France, and, in the long term, the results will be similar. Right now, we have a very small number of Muslims, and they do not present a problem in the Central European societies. This will start changing soon. At the moment, we have some immigration, mostly from the countries of the former Soviet Union, specifically from the Ukraine, but that is acceptable because [the immigrants] easily adapt. They have a similar language; many of them are practicing Christians. But these people are not what those E.U. immigration dictators have in mind when they speak about the need to create a more 'multicultural' society here. What they mean is that we will have to accept immigration from other parts of the world."

An early sign of Prague's loss of its freedom of action in the postcommunist period came in March 1999, when the Czech Republic joined NATO's war against Serbia as a consequence of her membership in the alliance: "Under NATO, we were bombing Yugoslavia, which I consider a crime. The Czech government at that time very reluctantly, under the pressure from NATO, joined other member countries in the bombing. This was related to the fact that NATO had reformulated its principles and its objectives. It is not any more a defense organization against Soviet communism; it is part of the structure exporting secular humanism all over the world as 'humanitarian interventions.' Just look at the people who took over the European and Atlantic organizations! Basically, the Cold War was ended by the generation of the 60's—by the Frankfurt School; by people like Lord Robertson, who, under Thatcher, was campaigning for unilateral nuclear disarmament; by Xavier Solana, Joschka Fischer, and other people of the left. This generation had inherited all of the post-World War II Western institutions. That is why I don't expect any recovery of the old communism, because it is not useful to the left any longer. The left has different means to achieve its goals now: Communism is discredited, but now they have all these institutions at their disposal."

In Semin's view, the European Union is an even more important tool than NATO of radical change for the left, and a far more dangerous one. It imposes secular humanism from top to bottom through an array of bureaucratic, legal, and financial instruments. This, Semin maintains, had been concealed from the Czechs as they were about to vote in a referendum on joining the European Union. Those lobbying on behalf of the European Union worked hard to conceal that what the people were effectively voting for was the acceptance of the European constitution—the whole framework of unified Europe—together with its Charter of Fundamental Rights, even though that key document had not been finalized at that time. "Nobody really knew what kind of organization we were going to join. Now it's clearer to those who read the Draft of the European Constitution, including the charter. This is a dramatic shift towards centralized power within the E.U. The Czech Republic will have only 2.4 percent of the influence, and between 70 and 80 percent of its legislation will come from the European Union. The Czech parliament will not even formally approve those laws: They will be incorporated directly into the national legal code. There is no possibility, there is no legal or political mechanism, to block that. Any such attempt would result in punishment. In the near future, Czech politics will be just a charade, nothing else. No important matters will be decided domestically. The centralization of power is linked to the fact that the veto power is going to be abolished in most policy areas. The majority is going to decide for the whole of 'Europe,' which obviously will create tremendous tensions."

Semin stresses that the Charter will promote the postmodern concept of "rights" and "nondiscrimination." It will insist on an array of minority rights based on race, sex, and sexual orientation. A Catholic school may have to accept a Muslim teacher of history if it is to receive any state funding. This approach may also raise the issue of the exclusively male priesthood in most Christian denominations, which proponents of the charter already call discriminatory. Their strident demand that women be allowed into the monastic communities of Mt. Athos is only an indication of what is yet to come. Semin warns that the judges of the European Court in Luxembourg will interpret the European constitution—and the charter—and it will have no other court above it: "The decisions of the judges will set precedents obligatory for the whole of the European Union. Whatever they decide, there will be no judicial authority in the member states that will be able to overrule that decision. By the decision of those judges, we may have to legalize homosexual 'marriage' here in the Czech Republic, although this has been rejected

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already four times in our parliament."

Semin derides as absurd the argument of some Czech pro-Europeans that "it is better to belong and have a voice than to stay out and not have a voice." By joining, the Czechs have one 40th of the influence and a 100-percent responsibility to obey. Had they stayed out, they would not have been under E.U. jurisdiction and would not have needed any "voice" in the first place. He notes that most Czechs who voted to join the union did so with an air of resignation: They feared that the European Union would crush the country economically if she were to stay outside. There was, and still is, a minority of Euro-optimists, as well as such true enthusiasts as Pan Europa, which has propagated the European Union especially in Christian circles, although Pan Europa has Masonic roots. Another pro-E.U. group that has talked of its "spiritual dimension" is the Czech Bishops' Conference: "They meet occasionally to discuss 'the Spirit of Europe.' That's a big thing now: We as Catholics have to acknowledge that the Union cannot be just an economic free-trade area, that 'Europe' has a deeper meaning, and therefore it has to have a 'spirit.' There is nobody who has defined what that spirit is; there is only a general 'spirituality' that puts together all the creeds in a deistic way. At the level of the European Union Commission, there is a department that deals with these questions. They were given this task to define the 'Spirit of Europe.' On their board are Catholics, Protestants, the Orthodox, the Jews, the Muslims—and even 'the Freemasons of Europe'!"

Michael Semin has been with the Civic Institute from its earliest days in 1991, but he has worked with its founders even longer—as a teenager in the underground anticommunist movement and the "Underground University" in the 1980's. People were meeting in private flats to discuss philosophy, theology, and political thought. Then the Berlin Wall fell, and they were free to organize legally: "The Civic Institute came into being in 1991 as a sort of neoconservative outlet in Central Europe. In the years that followed, the orientation of the Institute was changing, however, reflecting the degree to which we were discovering the false tenets of neoconservatism. We were starting to rethink the basic ideas, although, until today, there are disagreements within the Institute. I'd probably be considered the extreme right-wing traditionalist reactionary nut [he laughs]. To the credit of my colleagues, we still work together, and I am free to express my views. We work on many projects, some of them related to the defense of the traditional family. We are among the founders of the Czech pro-life movement and the homeschooling movement in the Czech republic, which later established itself into an independent organization that focuses on home education."

Semin finds it ironic that the new secular-liberal totalitarianism is proving, in some ways, to be more dangerous for the survival of a healthy society than the oppression under the Comrades: "We have to divide the communist era into two parts. From the Czech perspective, the 1950's were very hard. A real attempt was made to destroy the traditional family, to put the mothers into factories and children, from the earliest age, into government-run daycare programs. This changed during the 60's, and, in the following decades of 'communism,' the family was one of the bastions where people could keep the vestiges of a civilized life. Yes, abortion was allowed, although not as liberally as it is today. There was no pornography, and many other signs of decay were not so rampant, at least regarding family life. What communism did not destroy is being destroyed now by the liberalism coming from the West, which I consider more dangerous than communism. In fact, they are twins of the same parents, but liberalism is much more insidious. People think they are really 'liberated' if they never marry, if they kill their children in their wombs, if they have access to pornography. In all family-related indicators, the situation is worse now than before. There is less surgical abortion but much more birth control and chemical abortion by the 'morning-after' pills."

It may be time, Semin believes, for people who reject this trend—and who are being marginalized by the dominant liberal elite—to go back to the *samizdat* culture, to a new underground university: "It is almost impossible to do programs that really, seriously address these problems, and to do so on the official level. It is getting less and less possible. Probably the only difference would be that we are not jailed yet."

Michael Semin nevertheless remains hopeful that not all is lost. The only meaningful change for Europe would come through a miraculous conversion back to Christianity, he says, which might then affect the whole architecture of the Old Continent. For now, however, he sees no serious political movement that could undermine the current political equation. Echoing what a Russian Orthodox thinker, Igor Shafarevich, told a visiting Rockford Institute team in Moscow some years ago, Semin says that there may be no rational scenario for such momentous change—but that, as a Christian, he knows that miracles do happen and hopes that one may yet save Europe from herself.

Chronicles' foreign-affairs editor Srdja Trifkovic is the author of The Sword of the Prophet: Islam—History, Theology, Impact on the World.

Letter From Paris

by Curtis Cate

Military Unintelligence

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Nothing is riskier in life—at any rate, for those interested in discovering that elusive thing, the "truth"—than to assume that what one has personally experienced years ago can be a useful guide in judging present problems. It is particularly true when the time gap between the two exceeds 50 years. This said, I feel almost duty-bound, as a World War II G.I. who served for almost two-and-a-half years in the U.S. Army's Military Intelligence Service (MIS), to say a few words about my own experiences, which might help to throw some light on the catastrophic crisis in information extortion that has overtaken us in Iraq.

In September 1943, while I was receiving basic training as an artilleryman at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, I was suddenly transferred to an MIS training camp located at Camp Ritchie, not far from Hagerstown and the Potomac River in northwestern Maryland. The basic purpose of this camp was to train American officers and enlisted men in the subtle arts—which is how they should be regarded—of interrogating prisoners of war and of establishing useful contacts with anti-German resistance movements in countries that might be invaded by "liberating" U.S. forces.

I much regret today not having kept a diary—I was only 19 years old at the time

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and felt no burning desire to become a novelist—for the incredible goings-on in this American Tower of Babel were tailor-made for a satirical novel, along the lines of Jaroslav Hašek's *The Good Soldier Schweik* or of Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*.

To call Camp Ritchie a Tower of Babel is no exaggeration. With an admirable sense of ecumenical thoroughness, the top planners in General Marshall's headquarters staff who were already preparing for an eventual invasion of Europe had decided that expert linguists could be needed to establish useful contacts in a large number of countries that might, according to this or that contingency plan, be chosen as a good spot for staging an unexpected landing and thereby taking the Germans by surprise.

It was thus that a polyglot horde of supposedly expert linguists had been brought together—one that included not only German and Italian POW interrogators and French liaison teams but Americans capable of speaking Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, Russian, Spanish, Serbo-Croatian, Greek, and even Turkish! All of them packed into a camp capable of holding at most 1,000 soldiers, and which was soon filled to the point of bursting.

One thing in particular distinguished Camp Ritchie from other U.S. Army training camps at that time: an emphasis on speedy preparation and the relative shortness of the training period. Whereas seventeen weeks were regarded as necessary for the making of a skilled artilleryman and four months for the graduation from Fort Benning of an infantry officer, the camp's commander, Colonel Banfield, had decided that a mere eight weeks should suffice to train MIS experts in the art of interrogating POW's or of establishing truly useful contacts with, for example, French resistance networks and cooperative civilian authorities. To meet such hectic, time-rationed requirements, the colonel had introduced a special eight-day week (seven days of instruction, followed by a kind of rotating Sunday, which inevitably was called "Banfield Day").

By January 1944, the overcrowding at Camp Ritchie had become so grotesque that "good conduct" soldiers (*i.e.*, those who could afford the price demanded for such favors by the master sergeants in charge) were being granted two-week passes so that their barracks bunks could be occupied during their absence by incoming soldiers. An improvised overflow encampment, with primitive huts heated by wood-burning stoves equipped with metal funnels, was established some 22 miles away at a place called Camp Sharpe, where that consummate exhibitionist William Sloane Coffin (who later made himself famous as the controversial Presbyterian minister of the Riverside Church in New York City) taught us, with evident delight, how to take apart and reassemble automatic rifles and machine-guns. A number of us, including my dear friend Walter Hasenclever, the nephew of a famous German Expressionist writer who had been teaching German at Andover, were "farmed out" to the nearby Letterkenny Arsenal, where we spent several weeks counting and inventorying nuts and bolts of every size and shape.

The reason for this disorderly crush was simple, though not openly avowed. Colonel Banfield—who, if I rightly recall, had married the daughter of the general who then commanded the Army's G-2 (Intelligence) department—had reckoned that, if he could successfully graduate 5,000 properly trained POW interrogators and liaison personnel, he could lay claim to a coveted promotion to the rank of brigadier general. He would probably have fallen far short of his goal but for a truly providential bonanza—when he learned from friends that a list was being prepared by the top brass in Washington of casualties likely to be suffered in future battles on the continent of Europe; and that, along with the estimates concerning losses to be expected among infantrymen, artillerymen, tankmen, engineers, *etc.*, there would probably arise a need for some 1,100 "combat intelligence replacements." Without a moment's hesitation, Banfield let it be known that he could easily supply those replacements.

It was a brilliant *trompe-l'oeil* maneuver, worthy of the great Houdini—simply because "combat intelligence" has virtually nothing to do with intelligence, such as we normally think of it, but a great deal to do with what might be called "hillbilly" instinct and experience. It was simply the Army's hobnailed, typically bureaucratic way of designating the essentially nighttime scouting and patrolling that infantrymen had to undertake as a matter of course behind front lines to ascertain the strengths or weaknesses of the enemy's positions.

The vast majority of those who had been trained at Camp Ritchie to interrogate prisoners of war were German-Jewish refugees who had fled from Nazi tyranny to the United States. Admirably suited linguistically to interrogate German POW's, they had had, as city-dwellers, little or no experience of life on the land or of rural conditions down on the farm; and being unable to distinguish the hoot of an owl from the croak of a frog, they were totally useless for nighttime reconnaissance behind enemy lines. The inevitable result of what we were soon calling a "cattle shipment" was that, not long after the arrival in Great Britain (in early March 1944) of some 1,100 truly competent POW interrogators and French-liaison specialists, we were effectively frozen into military immobility by flabbergasted infantry officers, amazed to discover that these "combat infantry replacements" did not even know how to handle a simple rifle, having been trained in the use of short-range carbines.

For some six months, while senior G-2 officers at Eisenhower's headquarters in London struggled in vain to persuade General Bradley to lift the ban that had condemned us as useless infantrymen, we were moved from one replacement depot to another and made to march ludicrously around the English countryside, while inexpert linguists who had been rushed through ASTP (Army Specialized Training Program) cram courses at Ivy League colleges were formed into POW and French-liaison teams (two officers, four enlisted men was the usual formula) and assigned to divisions slated to take part in the invasion of Normandy.

By September, the campaign in France, for which I had been specifically trained as a specialist in "French liaison," was virtually over. With my friend Walter Hasenclever and other MIS "linguists," I spent three rain-soaked weeks in a muddy encampment not far from Omaha Beach, waiting for a suitably empty train to transport us to Paris. I am happy to add—more details in a moment—that Hasenclever, a gifted linguist who later became the favored translator of Saul Bellow's and Bernard Malamud's novels, soon made up for lost time.

Not knowing quite what to do with T/5 Curtis Cate, my MIS superiors in Paris finally decided to assign me to a POW interrogation team. This was, of course, a ridiculous assignment. As a history student at Harvard, I had begun to study German, but even with the help of two hastily acquired ASSIMIL grammars, I could not possibly begin to display the linguistic competence needed to interrogate German prisoners of war. I am nevertheless grateful for this "misassignment," for the five months I spent with the 7th Armored

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Division—first in Holland, then in the Belgian Ardennes, and finally in the Rhineland—offered me invaluable insights into the way military intelligence works, at any rate in the U.S. Army.

The first thing that struck me, at the highest headquarters level, was the general lack of prestige enjoyed by G-2 officers. This is anything but a specifically American phenomenon. The secret (and occasionally open) contempt that many infantry officers feel for artillerymen, who operate at varying distances from the perilous front, is probably a sentiment to be found in every army in the world. Basically, it is the scorn that the man of action feels for the man of thought. I am not a military historian, but I strongly suspect that it was Napoleon, a man of action if ever there was one, who lent his prestige to (if he did not actually invent) what came to be known as the *deuxième bureau*—the "second office" or department (in military shorthand, the G-2 or General Staff; S-2 at lower levels)—responsible for gathering pre-battle information. The curious thing about the U.S. Army, however—and a revealing symptom of the basic antimilitarism that has existed in our country ever since George Washington tried to regiment his undisciplined soldiery against the detested Hessians and the Redcoats—is the primacy accorded to the essentially rear-echelon "Personnel" or G-1 department. In the German army, as I had discovered at Camp Ritchie, pride of place was (and probably still is) officially given to "Action" (or "Execution")—G-1—whereas, in the U.S. Army, it occupies a seemingly more modest role as G-3.

The second thing that struck me, during my five months with the 7th Armored Division, was the prestige enjoyed not by its three POW interrogation teams but by a single individual—a French army captain named André Dvigoubski. A former officer in the Czarist army and later a political refugee, he had established residence in France and volunteered for service in the French army's cartographic department in Paris. Totally fearless, he had managed to join the 7th Armored Division not far from Chartres, by chronometrically calculating the exact number of seconds he and his driver would need to roar up a highway without being hit by regularly exploding German shells. He brought with him a mass of precise information concerning German army depots, ammunition dumps, and fortified strong points, which he had carefully memorized, for transmission to the Allies, as they began the encirclement of Paris. What made his information-gathering so invaluable was his insistence on checking what he heard from German POW's by bold front-line and even beyond-the-front observations.

I was fortunately able to have several long conversations with Dvigoubski about the art of cross-examining prisoners of war—which, to be truly successful, requires not only a thorough linguistic expertise but patience, perseverance, a talent for deliberate circumlocution designed to disguise the central aim of the interrogation, and, not least of all, a memory capable of discerning falsehoods when the person being interrogated is led through seemingly random bypaths to contradict earlier affirmations.

In a fascinating book entitled *Ihr werdet Deutschland nicht wiedererkennen*—the contraction of a famous Adolf Hitler boast, "Give me four years, and you won't recognize Germany"—my friend Walter Hasenclever later wrote up his experiences as a wartime and postwar interrogator of German POW's who was finally chosen to "interview" more than a score of Nazi bigwigs—including Gen. Wilhelm Keitel (the Wehrmacht's chief of staff); Grand Admiral Dönitz; the fanatical Nazi-*Ostpolitik* ideologist Alfred Rosenberg; the former foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop; and Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring. Twice, while serving with combat units, Hasenclever was asked by impatient colonels to speed things up by having German prisoners of war forcibly "conditioned" before interrogation. He refused, on the grounds that such methods were invariably counterproductive.

It is, of course, misleading to compare the wartime conditions that existed in Western Europe in 1944-45 with the chaotic postwar situation that has confronted us recently in Iraq. Because of the sneak Japanese assault on Pearl Harbor and Adolf Hitler's crazy declaration of war against the United States, our country found herself involved in a condition of "total war" which made a draft imperative for all able-bodied men. The unforeseen result—truly a bonanza for intelligence-gathering on the "Western front"—was that the U.S. Army was able to rope in hundreds, indeed thousands, of truly qualified linguists capable of competently interrogating German prisoners of war.

Had the surprise assault on September 11, 2001, against the World Trade Center and the Pentagon been followed by a condition of total war, the U.S. Armed Forces would have had little trouble drafting hundreds, indeed thousands, of competent Arab speakers from among our citizenry of Lebanese, Syrian, Palestinian, Egyptian, and Middle Eastern origin. But no such urgency was felt by an American administration that was convinced that wars today are essentially won by the massive use of sophisticated, electronically controlled weapons.

The price we have had to pay for this presumption is a catastrophic lack of truly qualified military-intelligence interrogators. There is, alas, nothing really new about this deplorable situation. In 1978-79, when the shah's regime in Iran was beginning to collapse, my brother, then *Time*'s bureau chief in Paris, was hurriedly flown to Teheran to "pinch hit," even though he spoke not a word of Persian. Worse yet, when he reached the Iranian capital, he discovered that there was only one person in the entire U.S. embassy who was fluent in farsi.

Past masters in the art of POW interrogation, such as André Dvigoubski and Walter Hasenclever, would have been horrified, had they lived long enough, to hear of the crude, sadistic, sexually revolting methods of humiliation that have been used by U.S. military police men and, even worse, women in the notorious Abu Ghraib and other prisons in Iraq to "soften up" suspected "terrorists." They would have been even more shocked to discover that these practices, far from being isolated actions motivated by spontaneous hatred or contempt, had been condoned and encouraged according to the warped tenets of a strange new code of "R2I" (Resistance to Interrogation) misconduct that British and American "military intelligence" officers have adopted in the name of speedy efficiency.

Along with fast food, we now have "fast facts" and, as an almost inevitable concomitant, "fast falsehoods" as well. It is indeed depressing to realize that, in this year, which marks the 60th anniversary of the Allied landings in Normandy, certain of our military "experts," in a self-deceiving crusade to bring Freedom and Democracy to Iraq, should have been advocating methods of intimidation worthy of Reinhard Heydrich and his SS torturers.

Former corporal Curtis Cate is the author, among other things, of The Ides of August—The Berlin Wall Crisis of 1961.

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by Srdja Trifkovic

Consequences of E.U. Enlargement

The European Union underwent a major transformation last May. It was enlarged to 25 states when eight former communist countries—Poland, the Czech Republic, Hungary, Slovakia, Slovenia, and three Baltic republics—were formally admitted, as well as Malta and Cyprus. The union is now a political and economic giant of 450 million people, the largest single market in the world and an economic powerhouse that accounts for a quarter of the global economy.

This could have been an occasion to celebrate: Europe's artificial divides are disappearing; splendid old nations are joining an extended family to which they rightfully belong. Is this not a step toward the long-cherished goal of a Europe "whole, free, at peace and growing in prosperity," as articulated by successive U.S. presidents? Sadly, however, the European Union has morphed, over the past three decades, from Schuman's and Monnet's nonfederalist concept of the Old Continent reasserting her individuality into a bureaucratic leviathan dominated by *dirigiste* civil servants from France and Germany. Its constitution shows that the union's ideology is based on political correctness and militant secularism. Its character now reflects the aspirations and interests of the core countries' post-Christian ruling elites rather than the aspirations of the real peoples of Europe.

The best that can be said for the enlargement is that the newcomers include tough people of sturdy stock—Poles, Hungarians, Lithuanians—who have retained their distinct identity over the centuries against many odds and who will not be easily made to toe the federalist line. Poland's stubborn insistence on maintaining the voting rights obtained at the summit in Nice is highly promising. The Poles have been called "extremely stubborn," "very aggressive," and "difficult to deal with" by anonymous European Commission officials. "They adore confrontation," said Eneko Landaburu, former head of the commission's enlargement service. The presence of such people in the European Union promises to make it a more interesting body.

In the short term, the enlargement is a geopolitical boon to the Bush administration. Several new members, notably Poland, have governments and populations that are markedly more sympathetic to Washington's policies than the old E.U. core. Poland's 2,700 troops represent the third-largest U.S.-led contingent in Iraq, and Poles command 7,000 soldiers from other Central and Eastern European countries. These new E.U. members are more inclined than their western neighbors to view America's "War on Terror" in terms of the looming clash of civilizations. The term *Euro-Atlantic integration* is still popular in Warsaw and further east along the Baltic coast, where membership in both NATO and the European Union is seen as the optimal insurance policy against a future resurgent, and possibly authoritarian, Russia.

The presence of these "new Europeans" in the decisionmaking structures in Brussels means that the union's foreign and security policy will not be defined in terms of an antagonism toward the United States for years to come. Aware that this new spirit would not be to the liking of some old members (France in particular), Polish President Alexander Kwasniewski warned two years ago that it would be "unjust" to accuse Eastern Europeans of being "a Trojan horse of the United States" in the European Union.

Today, the accusation is still murmured in Paris, where the old notion of *Europe puissance*—Europe as a global political player, on par with America and, if need be, in competition with her—is reluctantly admitted to be dead. It is noteworthy that President Jacques Chirac defended the enlargement on economic, rather than political, grounds: "[W]ith its 450 million inhabitants," he declared, "the Union is asserting itself as a first-class economic power, where growth and investment will create a new dynamic in the service of employment." This is light years from the Gaullist *certaine idee de l'Europe*—and from Chirac's own warning to the Central and Eastern Europeans in February 2003 that they cannot side with America and still hope to be admitted into the European Union.

New members are closer to American thinking not only on foreign and security issues but on economic policy—specifically on the use of tax cuts as a means of promoting growth. The median company tax rate in the new member nations is 19 percent, compared with 34 percent in France and 38 percent in Germany. President Chirac and Germany's Chancellor Gerhard Schröder have suggested that new member nations should raise taxes, but the governments of Poland, Slovakia, and Hungary have quite rightly ignored their demands.

It is preposterous for the overregulated, overtaxed Franco-German axis to demand the imposition of artificial legal and fiscal restraints on new members, whose only chance of catching up with the much richer "core" is to create comparative advantages for foreign investors. The future of many small and medium-sized industrial companies in Central and Eastern Europe is uncertain as they struggle to comply with the union's environmental and safety regulations, which will cost the new members some $12 billion this year alone. As thousands of Central and Eastern Europeans lose their jobs, they will continue to be denied access to the job market of the old E.U. "core" for years to come. Their prospects will be grim if the former East Germany is an indicator. The German government's annual transfers to the former East Germany, with its 17 million inhabitants, were in the region of $60 billion—and yet unemployment in eastern Germany remains twice as high as in the west. New members cannot hope for one tenth of that level of support from Brussels and, therefore, have to attract private funds. If they resist pressure to raise taxes, they will be doing a favor not only to themselves but to the old core, by forcing reform of their sclerotic economies. New members promoting tax competitiveness are America's natural allies in the looming struggle within the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development against Franco-German demands for "tax harmonization" that would only serve to feed their bloated public-welfare systems.

The Franco-German axis itself is likely to change as a result of E.U. enlargement. Germany's power and influence will increase, while France's will dimin-

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ish. Berlin is now poised to become the geographic, political, and economic center of the European Union. German companies will take advantage of the imposition of European regulations on the financially strapped, technologically less-developed economies east of the Oder-Neisse. Standards of food production, for example, can follow stringent E.U. rules in Benelux, France, and Germany, because manufacturers can absorb the cost of those regulations in the price their home customers are able to pay. Central and Eastern European consumers, on the other hand, cannot afford higher prices. In Slovakia, 3,000 dairy-industry employees have already lost their jobs because their employers lacked the capital necessary to meet E.U. standards of production. The end result may be Eastern European foodstuffs—processed by German-owned firms—dominating Eastern European supermarket shelves.

Germany's foreign minister Joschka Fischer claims to see the enlargement primarily as a means of "overcoming nationalist ideologies and confrontations" in the East, which could threaten the stability of Western Europe itself. Germany, however, looks poised to reap more tangible benefits. Since the fall of the Berlin Wall, the Federal Republic has become the largest trading partner in Central and Eastern Europe, accounting for an astonishing 45 percent of the trade volume between the European Union and its ten new members. The German Economic Institute in Cologne estimates that the share of German exports to Central and Eastern Europe (9.2 percent) has nearly equalled the country's exports to the United States (9.3 percent). It has invested $36 million in the eight new members, with half of the capital going to the processing sectors, such as the automobile and chemical industries. The Volkswagen-owned Skoda thus accounts for ten percent of the Czech Republic's exports, while a single VW plant in Bratislava accounts for over one fifth of Slovakia's foreign trade. VW, Siemens, and other German concerns are taking advantage of labor costs in Central and Eastern Europe that are just one eighth of the equivalent figure for a skilled worker in Germany.

As historian Hannes Hofbauer notes in his new book, *Vom Drang nach Osten zur peripheren E.U.-Integration* ("From the push to the East to Peripheral E.U. Integration"), German businesses will continue to benefit disproportionately from the combination of big outlet markets and cheap labor in the "new" European Union, as they are already well established in the region. Hofbauer detects in the latest enlargement a degree of continuity with previous attempts to unite Europe, notably with the German attempts to expand since 1871. "A break after 1945," Hofbauer says, "did not take place, either regarding the persons or the content of the project."

In contemporary German thinking, we may detect the old-fashioned notion of "three rings of control" that is reminiscent of the late 1930's. In its modern form, the concept entails an inner ring of not-quite-equal E.U. members (Poland, Bohemia, Slovakia, Hungary, Slovenia), a middle ring of more distant new and future members (the Baltics, Rumania, Bulgaria, Croatia), and an outer ring of "intermediate" non-E.U. members providing a *cordon sanitaire* around Russia (Ukraine, Moldova, Belarus).

Such views are not limited to the old-fashioned German right. The deputy chairman of the largest parliamentary group, Gernot Erler of the ruling Social-Democratic Party (SPD), declared only days after the enlargement that Ukraine, Belarus, and Moldova need to "solidify" their relations with Europe. To gain acceptance as partners (albeit not as E.U. members), the countries of "this region of intermediate states between Russia and the expanded European Union" should display willingness to follow "recommendations" from the European Union. He singled out Ukraine's President Kuchma as a leader who needs to do better. Polish authorities are well suited to keep order along the border of the *intermediate states*, Erler added, in view of their "ethnic proximity" to the intermediate region, "which could and should be utilized in the organization of the E.U.'s external frontier."

Bismarck would approve of Herr Erler's concept; so would the Kaiser and a few less pleasant figures from Germany's recent past. His old-fashionedly frank blueprint for a clearly German (rather than "European") *Ostpolitik* illustrates Lord Acton's maxim that nations have neither permanent friends nor permanent enemies but only permanent interests. Continuities in the geopolitical ambitions, cultural preferences, and economic appetites of the great powers guide their actions.

Germany's behavior in the *Mitteleuropa*, the Danubian basin, and points further east is not based on a conspiratorial grand design (although her policy in the Balkans has been mendacious for years) but on those continuities. Germany is an economic powerhouse that would dominate her weaker eastern neighbors regardless of her leaders' intentions or planning. Even in the early 1940's, post-World War II planning was a major theme in various elements of the Nazi power structure; in the end, all they had in common was a vague notion of the "rings" of control radiating from Berlin. It is reassuring in principle, and somewhat discomforting in this particular case, to know that geopolitical continuities so endure.

If the enlargement leads to a revival of traditional power politics, and to the end of the federalist dream of a superstate ruled from Brussels, then it will be the best thing to happen to Europe since the fall of the Berlin Wall. A more fluid Europe in which nations maintain their identities and the awareness of their interests, will also be a more reliable partner for the United States in the struggle against global *jihad*. To those of us who believe in the fundamental unity of geopolitical interests between Europe (including Russia) and America, the enlargement is also welcome as a means of lowering the potential for long-term transatlantic confrontation from which only our common enemies may profit.

In the short term, the United States needs both the European Union and Russia in order to extract herself from the Iraq quagmire; in the long term, she needs them both in order to fight a meaningful War on Terror. September 11 rekindled a dormant awareness of just how much the Old Continent and the New World have in common; the dispute over Iraq has blurred the issue, to both sides' detriment. The threat remains, and it does not differentiate between branches of the same family. That we belong to the same family is obvious and demands unity of global action. As I have already argued in these pages, a genuine *Northern Alliance* of Russia, Europe, and North America is the answer—and a necessity for all. ◈

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CHRISTIANITY

The Triumph of Tradition

by Tom Piatak

"When violence breaks out, Mel Gibson will have a much higher authority than professors and bishops to answer to." So predicted Boston University's Paula Fredriksen in one of the opening salvos in the year-long campaign to kill Mel Gibson's film masterpiece, *The Passion of the Christ*—a campaign that was, in equal measure, hysterical, disingenuous, ignorant, and unsuccessful. As of this writing, *The Passion* has grossed over $360 million in the United States (making it the seventh top-grossing domestic film in history) and over $200 million overseas. The result is not the "violence" Fredriksen predicted but numerous stories of people being moved to return to Christ and, in a few instances, even to confess to unsolved crimes.

Just about everything the critics said about Gibson's film was wrong. Starting with Fredriksen, the critics assumed the pose of objective historian, lecturing us *ad nauseam* that all scholars believe that the Romans alone were responsible for the Crucifixion; that Pilate was such a brutal tyrant that what the Gospels wrote about him was certainly false; that no one in first-century Jerusalem spoke Latin. But Raymond Brown, the late doyen of liberal biblical scholars, wrote in his *Death of the Messiah* that, "When the Jewish, Christian, and pagan evidence is assembled, the involvement of Jews in the death of Jesus approaches certainty"; that Pilate "was not a ferociously cruel governor" and the Gospels' "descriptions of Pilate with their variations are not inherently implausible"; and that Pilate's cohorts included the Secunda Italica Civium Romanorum—troops who spoke Latin, not Greek.

We were also repeatedly warned that Passion plays regularly lead to antisemitic violence, even though these warnings were invariably devoid of evidence that any particular Passion play had, in fact, led to violence. The reaction to Gibson's film strongly suggests that these warnings were at least misplaced, if not baseless. A poll taken by the Institute for Jewish and Community Research showed, in fact, that Gibson's film was more likely to lessen belief in Jewish culpability for Jesus' death than the reverse. Such a result is surprising only if one believes, as do Gibson's critics, that the Gospels themselves are antisemitic.

The critics also scorned Gibson for focusing on the Passion, not on Christ's teachings or His Resurrection. Lawrence Frizzell, one of the first academics to attack Gibson, wrote that "Emphasis on the Passion . . . does not convey any insight into the means whereby the Gospels show that the work of forgiveness is accomplished." So much for J.S. Bach's Passions, Joseph Haydn's *Seven Last Words*, Michelangelo's *Pietà*—not to mention the countless Crucifixions painted by nearly every master from Giotto up to the 18th century, including such diverse artists as Rubens and Rembrandt, Velazquez and El Greco, Tintoretto and Titian, Delacroix and Poussin, and even Gauguin and Dali. So much, too, for St. Francis of Assisi. As Jaroslav Pelikan notes in *Jesus Through the Centuries*, the great focus of Francis' devotion was the Passion, and Bonaventure wrote in his biography of Francis that "Christ hung upon his Cross, poor and naked and in great pain, and Francis wanted to be like him in everything." It is a shame that such simpletons as Bach and Saint Francis did not have Lawrence Frizzell to show them the way.

Complaints about the violence of Gibson's film suggest that the critics were simply ignorant both of the Western artistic tradition and of centuries of piety focused on the Passion, both of which have emphasized the physical nature of Christ's sacrifice. As Jonathan Chaves has written, Gibson's Christ was less battered than Matthias Grünewald's in his renowned Isenheim Altarpiece, and nothing in Gibson's film matched the bitter grief shown by Saint Mary and Saint John as they contemplate the crucified Jesus in Grünewald's painting. Nothing in Gibson's film, either, compares to the malevolence expressed by the faces surrounding Christ in Hieronymus Bosch's *Christ Carrying the Cross* and *Christ Crowned With Thorns*.

Unlike his critics, Gibson was aware of the Western artistic tradition. He has spoken of his debt to such artists as Caravaggio, Mantegna, Masaccio, and Piero della Francesca. The result of Gibson's study of other depictions of the Crucifixion was a film that was profoundly visual and evocative of Western art. As Chaves wrote,

> The stations of the cross proceeded across the screen like a series of engravings or woodcuts by Albrecht Dürer or Martin Schongauer; or paintings by Duccio di Buoninsegna, Fra Angelico, Francisco de Zurbaran or Guido Reni; or wall paintings or icons on the iconostasis of any of the monastery churches at Mt. Athos.

The *New York Times*' Daniel Wakin, writing on April 18, described Gilbert Fuentes, a visitor to the Metropolitan Museum of Art's exhibit on Byzantine art who was inspired both to return to his faith and to visit the exhibit because of Gibson's film: "It really touched me, the way [H]e suffered. It makes me want to research more of it." Mr. Fuentes was particularly drawn to Venetian artist's Michele Giambono's *The Man of Sorrows*, painted around 1420-30, which he found, in a way, more powerful than the Gibson film: "You're able to be one on one. You can stand here and meditate on it."

The tradition uniting Giambono and Gibson remains a fruitful one because it ultimately leads back to the Gospels. By contrast, the best that can be said for the tradition embraced by Gibson's academic critics—the historical-critical approach to the Bible—is that not everyone who is exposed to it automatically loses his faith. It is a sterile tradition, inspiring no one, creating no art, leading nowhere.

Gibson's film is also a vindication of orthodox Christianity. Though condemned by a handful of liberal churchmen, it was warmly embraced by believers of all denominations. Significantly, all of the criticism of Gibson's film came from countries where Christianity is either on the defensive or actually dying. In the Third World, where the Faith is growing, no one condemned it. Instead, it was embraced by the entire episcopate of the Philippines and the leading churchmen of Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, and South Africa. Gibson's depiction of Christ was thoroughly orthodox. As Kenneth Wood-

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ward wrote in the *New York Times*, Gibson's Jesus

> doesn't promote social causes. . . . He certainly doesn't crusade against gender discrimination, as some feminists believe he did, nor does he teach that we all possess an inner divinity, as today's nouveau Gnostics believe. One cannot imagine this Jesus joining a New Age sunrise Easter service overlooking the Pacific.

Those who prefer a New Age Jesus (or no Jesus at all) were shocked by Gibson's film, which, for a moment, caused a welcome shift in our national discourse from endless chatter over such trivialities as Janet Jackson's "wardrobe malfunction" to matters of real importance. It is hard to imagine a film about any other historical figure having such an impact. Whether one believes in Him or not, Jesus remains the central figure in history. And Gibson's depiction of His last hours will continue to be watched long after all of Gibson's critics are forgotten and their efforts to deconstruct the Gospels have come to naught.

Tom Piatak writes from Cleveland, Ohio.

ECONOMICS

Grading Greenspan

by David A. Hartman

President Bush's recent announcement that he will renominate Alan Greenspan for a fifth term as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board elicited mostly favorable reactions from a wide range of economic and political pundits.

At the critical end of the spectrum, economist James Galbraith, in an op-ed entitled "Greenspan, The man who stayed too long," called the 78-year-old Greenspan "a man who spent the first [part] of his central-banking career fighting an inflation that did not exist." Better targeted is Galbraith's complaint that Greenspan has excessively turned the growth of the money supply off and on when selective credit controls would have sufficed.

More typical of public reaction is the gushy editorial by George Melloan, "The Money Man Everyone Loves," which appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*. Starting with the stock-market crash of 1987, Melloan credits Greenspan with so skillful a manipulation of the Federal Reserve that "it's no wonder that Mr. Greenspan is widely regarded as a miracle worker . . . "

Mr. Greenspan's appointment by President Reagan in August 1987 followed a parade of chairmen in the 1970's who had failed to contain inflation and, consequently, presided over stagflation. Paul Volcker, who served from 1981 to 1987, manfully reduced the runaway inflation that he inherited but could not extinguish the inflationary bias of the U.S. economy while being forced to accommodate sizable federal deficits.

The experience that Greenspan brought to the job was reasonably appropriate, but it did not include specific money-market-management credentials. A New York University Ph.D., he had served as a successful private economic consultant and a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors. A free-market monetarist, he was a student of money markets and financial institutions. As chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, he assumed responsibility for managing the stability of the money supply; for stabilizing economic growth and price levels; for preserving the domestic and international value of the dollar; and for serving as the most senior of the regulators of financial institutions.

The economy was sending mixed signals when Greenspan took the helm in 1987. Capacity utilization and average weekly hours in manufacturing were rising, and the unemployment rate was declining. On the other hand, inventory-to-sales ratios were declining, as were housing starts. What Greenspan appeared to focus on, however, was inflation, in the forms of consumer-price increases, stubbornly holding at around four percent; rising producer prices; stock and bond markets that were both overvalued and rising because of speculative demand; and a rapidly growing trade deficit accompanied by a declining dollar.

Greenspan reduced the growth of the money supply, which caused the 1987 stock-market meltdown. To his credit, stocks were kept afloat by the Fed's provision of generous liquidity, and the market recovered. The message, however, was loud and clear: The new monetarist chairman would not accommodate excessive inflation of prices or securities and would defend the value of a dollar at home and abroad. So far so good.

The Fed then tightened the money supply beyond the initial shock required and continued to restrain M1 (public currency, travelers' checks, demand deposits) until 1989, with a consequent decline in M2 (M1 plus savings accounts, time deposits under $100,000, and balances in retail money-market mutual funds) through 1992. The weak sectors of the economy joined with tight money to precipitate the recession of 1990-92. Inflation was finally suppressed, the decline of the dollar was arrested, and the trade deficit declined because of an upsurge in exports.

It is doubtful that Greenspan intended to be as heavy-handed with the money supply as he was from 1987 to 1989. He faced the problem of determining the actual size of the federal deficits compared to the budget and how much of the deficit required "sterilization" by the Fed to prevent a resurgence of inflation. At that time, the rescue of the U.S. banks and thrifts was predicted to add $225 to $275 billion to the federal deficit; the actual gross amount was about $225 billion, $165 billion net of recoveries. Also, the 1986 Tax Reform Act, supposedly "tax neutral" (no net tax increase), raised $110 billion more in personal and corporate income-tax monies from 1987 to 1989 than if these taxes had remained at the same proportion of GDP as in 1986. This resulted in lower deficits than expected, requiring less "leaning against the wind" than anticipated and less monetary restraint. Such is the result of relying on central banking, particularly the restriction of the money supply as a sufficient control.

Greenspan and his Fed do deserve a medal for coming to grips with "no reserve" banking, which was the root cause of the runaway inflation of the 1970's and its stubborn residue during the 80's. Closing down insolvent savings & loans and banks in the United States was not sufficient. The imposition of "risk-based" capital standards on U.S. lenders, which increased capital requirements relative to speculative rating of assets, went to the root cause. However, that required the subsequent negotiation of the Basel Accords, which imposed the same reserve standards on our OECD trading partners that regulated the euro, which had generated a large and continuing source of excess inflationary dollars.

The next period, which raises questions about Greenspan's regulatory skills, was the recovery and boom of the 1990's. At the beginning of 1992, Greenspan's belated expansion of M1 fostered an economic revival. By 1994, the Bank Credit Analyst (BCA) speculation index warned of

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excessive stock speculation, and, by 1995, the BCA valuation index found extreme overvaluation; nevertheless, the Fed continued to supply credit and held interest rates down. The stock market accelerated its merry rise, with no Fed response.

The economy, growing rapidly without inflation of goods and services (thanks to rapid productivity increases), seemed sound, but runaway asset inflation in both the stock and fixed-income-security markets was becoming apparent. Yet the Fed continued to feed the money supply, instead of increasing margin requirements for securities lenders. By 1997, corporate earnings before interest, tax, and depreciation (EBITD), as well as earnings after tax, peaked, while the stock market continued to soar. A hesitation in the market in 1998 was followed by a further rise in 1999, as the Fed supplied additional bank reserves for Y2K, which flowed into security markets further stimulated by "go-go" earnings from accounting frauds. As the Fed started to remove excess Y2K reserves, the market tanked.

The feeding frenzy on Wall Street came to an end, with brokers bitterly blaming Greenspan for not *continuing* to pour fuel on the fire. The real problem, however, had been the excessive and prolonged expansion of Wall Street's credit. Over three trillion dollars was lost, primarily in individual portfolios, which was disproportionate to losses suffered by the brokers who had profited from the boom. Nor did the three million workers who lost their jobs benefit from the securities "bubble."

This runaway stock market threatened a collapse of the economy like that of 1929. The burgeoning derivatives market—which found six U.S.-based banks holding over $25 trillion in derivatives by the year 2000, a value larger than the entire U.S. stock market—compounded the danger. This risk was shrugged off by the merchant banks—now too big to be allowed to fail—who claimed offsetting positions that limited their exposure (assuming that losers on derivative bets are just as likely to pay as winners are likely to insist on being paid during a meltdown). If this was true, why did the Fed feel obliged to bail out Equity Funding when it became insolvent, representing only a small percentage of this derivative market's holdings? Is this derivative market as closely regulated as necessary, or, like the stock market, does it have too much political clout to be held accountable to the public interest under Mr. Greenspan's benign regulation?

A recovery was made possible by grossly excessive liquidity that has pushed securities yields to depression levels for retirees living on their savings and by a $400-billion federal deficit to be repaid (with interest) in the future. Record home sales and ownership has also helped, paid for by record personal debt. The reemergence of inflation is now a clear danger.

Alan Greenspan's record as chairman of the Federal Reserve, while meritorious in many respects, clearly leaves room for improvement. He could have helped us avoid the violent swings from boom to bust through better Fed management, particularly by using timely selective credit controls on Wall Street instead of waiting until tightening of the money supply was necessary to put the brakes on the economy in general. In that respect, Galbraith's criticism is valid.

Clearly, it is time for a change. Those who run the U.S. economy should seek to maximize the long-term prosperity of all Americans, not just the short-term windfalls of Wall Street and its related international bankers.

David A. Hartman, a retired banker, is chairman of the board of directors of The Rockford Institute.

DEMOCRACY

Democratizing Germany: A Success Story?

by Josef Schuesslburner

To justify war for the establishment of democracy in the Arab world, neoconservatives have referred specifically to Germany as the test case to prove that democratization by war and occupation can be successful. Apart from the fact that there may be some relevant cultural and historical differences between the Arab/Muslim world and Germany, there are some basic theoretical reasons why democratization by military occupation is more likely doomed to failure, if measured according to its proclaimed goals.

Military occupation with the aim of establishing and safeguarding democracy cannot escape the Jacobin dilemma, even if it is only detectable in certain circumstances: Radical democrats, the Jacobins, against whom the U.S Constitution was drawn up, assume that the majority is antidemocratic; accordingly, in order to make the people safe for democracy, they attempt to establish a dictatorship, which is "democratic" because of the "democratic values" it wants to foster. In a similar fashion, a democratizing state has to resort to measures that are usually considered undemocratic. Democratization by military also tends to operate on the assumption that the states concerned—the occupying and the occupied—share an identical interest, which amounts to a nearly totalitarian neglect of the idea of freedom, from which the concept of a genuine democracy as a constitutional order is derived. Freedom leads to the probability that the introduction of democracy increases the pluralism of decisionmaking, and, thus, the difference of interests is likely to increase rather than decrease. The assumption of a preexisting identity of interests among democracies—simply because they are democracies—automatically reduces the democracy of the occupied state to mere autonomy. Such autonomy may use democratic methods of elections, but its political decisions will finally depend on the approval of the (former) occupying state, and, therefore, the essence of democracy is denied to the people to be democratized.

That is exactly the problem of the German situation, which is often referred to, together with the case of Japan, as a successful democratization by military occupation. Similar democratization is to be accomplished, according to the neocons, by waging endless wars until democracy exists everywhere. Understandably, when occupying the defeated Germany in 1945, the United States did not want to establish democracy but rather a political system, dedicated to "democratic values," that provided some guarantee that German politicians who were democratically elected would pursue policies recommended by the United States. That is why the United States obstructed the reenforcement of the German democratic constitution of 1919, which even Hitler had not abolished but which was only suspended in 1933 by a freely elected parliament for a period of four years (but unconstitutionally extended twice). To pursue its policy, the U.S. military regime, following the pattern of its special (Jacobin) democratic ally the Soviet Union, licensed at the outset only four political parties, cutting off (and, by

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implication, prohibiting) the traditional German right-wing parties, conservatives and national liberals, the leading parties of the 19th century. In conformity with this restriction on political pluralism, freedom of the press was denied for five years by the Western occupiers. Instead of reestablishing press freedom, monopolies for particular geographical areas were licensed for "democrats"—*i.e.*, communists and others who were willing to pursue American interests. The broadcasting system remained directly under the control of the democratizing occupation (in Berlin, until as recently as 1990), to be handed over to the democratic parties later (which turned out to be 1955, ten years after the end of the war).

A provisional constitution, the Basic Law, was set up. This constitution is still in place in Germany and has, according to an official commentary, established a "new type of democracy," the basic characteristic of which is the diminution of political freedom for the sake of democratic values. This democracy is to be protected against a people who, it is assumed, would bring Hitler back to power if allowed to vote freely. Political parties can be prohibited by the Constitutional Court because their ideology is not in conformity with what is officially called "Western liberalism." When prohibiting the Communist Party, the Constitutional Court recognized the unique character of German democracy and stated that, in standard Western liberal democracies, one would not find such a system of prohibition. Indeed, the democratic constitution of 1919 had not contained such an oppressive device. The prohibition of political parties was possible, as a temporary measure only, under the imperial constitution of 1867/1871, but the democratically elected parliament of that time did not allow the prohibition of the Social Democratic Party to prevent the participation of that party in the elections. By contrast, the legal effect of prohibition of political parties in Germany today is permanent, and, accordingly, it is a criminal offence to continue party activities.

After two prohibitions in the 1950's, the German political class had avoided resorting to formal prohibition procedures, since the permanent threat of prohibition against unwanted parties has been sufficient to render new opposition parties ineffective. The only exception was the recent application against a tiny right-wing party, the NPD, two years ago. Opponents argued that it should be outlawed because, among other things, its party speakers had imputed some responsibility to the United States for the outbreak of World War II.

The Constitutional Court clogged this procedure, arguing that the NPD had been infiltrated and even controlled by the German national secret services, which were known for their close cooperation with the American institution that had created them. By rejecting this prohibition application on formalist grounds, the court avoided a revision of the concept of prohibition and, by implication, allowed the practice to continue. The most prominent method of prohibition involves publication by the secret services, in which unwanted opposition, including political magazines, is officially, without any legal hearing, declared "inimical to the constitution" for expressing the wrong political ideas, especially those opposed to U.S.-style democratization. A person who is active in such a party or writes articles in such a magazine is under permanent threat of losing his job. Though, in 1995, the European Court of Human Rights declared political firings a human-rights violation (in the case of a communist teacher), such tactics have been continuously used against those who are considered right-wing. The established German political class is obviously hoping that such institutions as the European Community, which had been initiated by the United States to replace the formal occupation of Germany, will continue to discriminate against the German right, thus continuing U.S.-style democratization.

These oppressive measures have prevented the establishment of a right-wing national liberal party like the Austrian Freedom Party (FPOe). Though Austria was also placed under a democratizing occupation regime, she was allowed to reestablish her constitution of 1920/1929, which resembled the German constitution of 1919. Thus, in Austria, the methods to "safeguard democracy" against unwanted opposition could not be as oppressive as in Germany, although those techniques are not entirely unknown in Austria: A person who openly advocates the unification of the German people (including the Austrians) will be brought to trial for violating the attempt to democratize Austria by de-Germanizing her. The electoral success of the FPOe demonstrated to the "international community" what could happen in Germany if the "new type of democracy" were transformed into a more standard Western democracy. This insight explains the "boycott of Austria" in 2000, which was primarily directed against possible German opposition to "Western values."

To a certain extent, it appears surprising that Freedom House has continuously labeled Germany a "free country." How is *democratic* defined? Based on the extent to which a "democracy" is in line with American interests (which are, by definition, "democratic")? Though it may be difficult to define different degrees of freedom, the Federal Republic of Germany is less free, not only when compared with the Weimar Republic, but, in some ways, when compared with Germany before World War I, which Freedom House would only categorize as "partly free."

The public remained largely unaware of the shortcomings of German democratization because the United States and Germany had a mutual interest—the containment of communism—which became apparent when the World War II alliance between the United States and the "special democracy" of the Soviet Union collapsed. In addition, the United States claimed to support Germany's goal of recovering her eastern territories under Soviet and Polish occupation. Since the latter was not in the American interest, many intervening efforts, including the acceptance of a communist state in Germany as somewhat democratic, were necessary to teach German politicians that it would be undemocratic to pursue any interests not shared by the United States. Accordingly, anyone who advocates the recovery of the eastern territories could be declared by the secret services or "democracy agencies" (as the *Economist* has labeled them) an "enemy of the constitution" who espouses *geographic revisionism*.

Since the collapse of communism, the postwar situation that existed in Germany before the outbreak of the Cold War has been reemerging: The communists in the version of the former dictatorship party of communist East Germany have joined the "democratic" forces again, in order to pursue American interests in opposition to the German right, thereby protecting "democracy" from Germans who, it is assumed, will vote "wrongly" if allowed to vote freely.

Josef Schuesslburner, a lawyer and expert in public international law, is the author of a recent book detailing the peculiar aspects of democracy in democratized Germany.

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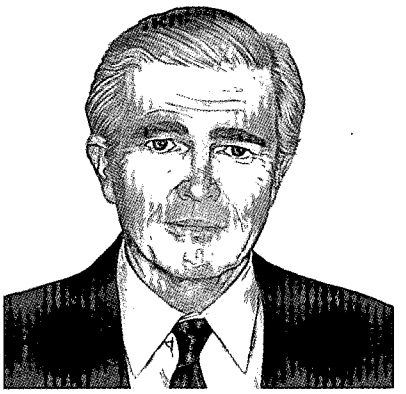
by George McCartney

And Agamemnon Dead



Troy

Produced by Warner Brothers and Plan B Films
Directed by Wolfgang Petersen
Screenplay by David Benioff
Distributed by Warner Bros

Control Room

Produced by Andrew Rossi, Hani Salama, and Rosadel Varela
Directed by Jehane Noujaim
Distributed by Magnolia Pictures

"Inspired by the Iliad." These helpful words appear on-screen just before the final credits roll on director Wolfgang Petersen's brazenly silly *Troy*. I was thankful for the heads up. Without it, I might have mistaken the nearly three-hour saga I had just endured for a splendidly impartial retelling of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, or, more *au courant*, a forecast of *The Iraqiad*, the wretchedly sad epic in the early stages of its chronicling as I write.

OK, I'm kidding. All those names I had been hearing throughout the film—Agamemnon, Menelaus, Odysseus, Gus, and such—were perfectly Greek to me, so I knew that Petersen and his screenwriter David Benioff had Homer in mind, if not at heart. Besides, the film begins with another on-screen nudge. Against an Aegean seascape, a legend informs us that it is "3200 Years Ago," while an unseen narrator intones that this is an age in which "men are haunted by the vastness of eternity."

With this invocation of metaphysical angst, the film adroitly sidesteps the conventional appeal to the muse. And, by substituting 3,200 years ago for 1200 B.C., it smoothly avoids a certain narrow-mindedness. It wouldn't do to remind the audience that Christ's birth was once considered the pivot around which our culture took its shape and meaning. From the first, we are to understand that this is a thoroughly modernized telling of the fall of Troy. Hence that bunk about being "haunted by the vastness of eternity." The ancient world was a much smaller place than ours, and its modest reaches were filled with all manner of gods who kept men and women company on their way to Hades. Life's brevity may have been a grim prospect, but *haunting* does not seem the word to describe how the ancients felt about it. They believed it noble to give the immortals their due and to accept the limits of human fate. To feel haunted by eternity is more a contemporary attitude, entertained by those likely to date such events as Agamemnon's petulant raid on Ilium at 3,200 years ago. On their calendar, the cosmos cannot but seem immeasurably vast, incalculably cold, and irredeemably pointless.

Troy would be a decent enough Hollywood adventure of beefy men in leather skirts and lissome women in diaphanous togas if its script did not pretend to be about the *Iliad*. Benioff has no feeling for the poem. He gives us characters who speak as though they have been blessed with 3,200 years of cultural foresight. They mock the gods, express serious antiwar notions, and suffer the pangs of romantic love. Some, including the swift Achilles (Brad Pitt), dutifully observe a 21st-century appreciation of women's rights. Fortunately, Peter O'Toole playing King Priam has the wit to give the anachronistic game away. Assuring his errant son Paris (Orlando Bloom) that he doesn't fault him for having stolen Helen from Menelaus, he quaveringly asks, "Do you really *lo-ove* her?" When the boy says he does, the old goat gazes meaningfully into middle distance. "I've fought wars for land and power," he continues after a marvelous pause, "I *suppose* fighting for *lo-ove* makes more sense." It's a delight to hear the rascally O'Toole hit these lines. I only hope he was paid sumptuously for this bit of camp relief.

Benioff further enforces his modern sensibility by stripping the narrative of its divine dimension. In interviews, he has explained that this was necessary to streamline the story. Without the gods, however, a retelling of the epic can hardly be called *inspired*. The pantheon is crucial to a narrative in which the principal characters, Achilles and Helen, are the issue of humans and gods and events are driven by Olympian intervention at every turn. Why leave them out? Could there be a better occasion for computer-generated effects? Did this interaction between the divine and human seem embarrassing, too much a parallel to what was happening further south in Palestine during the same period? For however violent and clownish, the myths of the ancient Greeks shadow forth the same human longing for salvation that was taking a different shape in the minds and hearts of Abraham's children. Resolutely secular, the film excludes the merest suggestion that human consciousness has been, from all time, innately encoded with intimations of the Incarnation.

Thus, instead of a flawed demigod, Benioff has made his Achilles a defiantly existential mortal. Alone with his lovely captive Briseis (a priestess of Apollo in this telling), the warrior asks her why she would love a god. "You'll find the relationship one-sided," he gently counsels. Then, evidently calling upon his acquaintance with the works of Albert Camus, he sums up the human condition, Gallic style: "The gods envy us because we're mortal. Everything is lovelier because we're doomed." Clearly, this Achilles has embraced his Sisyphean fate despite his immunizing bath in the River Styx.

In the film's conclusion, as Troy burns and the Greeks rampage, Aeneas shows up for the first time, escorting his withered father to safety through the flaming wreckage. Is this walk-on Benioff's way of demonstrating that he did his research and knows that there's another epic in the wings? More to the point, will we have to watch a film "Inspired by the Aeneid"?

Made by Egyptian-American filmmaker Jehane Noujaim, *Control Room* is a different view of war. This unsettling documentary details the coverage of the U.S. invasion of Iraq by the Qatar-based Arab television network Al Jazeera.

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The film begins on March 17, 2003, with a rooftop montage of Baghdad punctuated by zooming close-ups of a wild variety of homemade television aerials, some of them little more than twisted coat hangers. The message is clear. The Arab world is watching, closely. The camera then drops into a barbershop, where six or seven men watch a wall-mounted T.V. When George W. Bush comes on the screen, they watch incredulously as he gives Saddam Hussein 48 hours to get out of town. Talk about East meeting West—it's a showdown on the Tigris. Some of the men quietly scoff, while others smile enigmatically. One is simply angry. Does America think she can ride rough-shod over his country? By way of an answer, 80 minutes later Noujaim shows a clip of President Bush landing triumphantly on the USS *Abraham Lincoln* in his flight suit on May 1, 2003, declaring, "Mission accomplished!" In between these moments, she has compiled an assortment of visuals for our contemplation: Al Jazeera news clips; archival footage from other news outlets; interviews with Arab and American journalists; and seemingly impromptu editorials by various broadcasters, Arab, American, and British. The results are arresting, to say the least.

Especially troubling is the constant refrain we hear from the Arab commentators. America, they unanimously declare, serves Israel's interests, exclusively and indescriminately. They are convinced that this is an insuperable impediment to our reaching any genuine accord with the Islamic world.

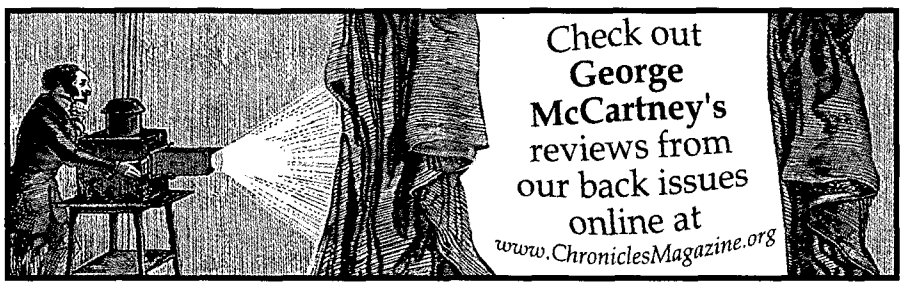
With the exception of remote feeds from the battlefronts in Baghdad, Mosul, and Basra, the film takes place at Al Jazeera's headquarters in Qatar alongside America's media center, Central Command, infelicitously shortened to CentCom. (I confess to wincing when an American journalist wonders at the name: "It sounds like sitcom, doesn't it?") As hostilities proceed, an Al Jazeera journalist, an Iraqi himself, jokes that everyone in his homeland should be issued an American passport. He is sure that most would flee to the states and thus restore peace to his land. His mockery is at once ironic and plaintive, a species of grief management. How else can he live with the horror and humiliation being unleashed on his countrymen? Later, a Jordanian journalist, Samir Khadar, smiles into the camera and confides that, "if I'm offered a job at Fox (News), I'll take it. I'll exchange the Arab nightmare for the American dream." At first, he seems merely sardonic, but then he adds that he wants his children educated in the United States and hopes they will stay there after they graduate. Behind his ironic smile, the poignancy of his aspiration is palpable.

Control Room is not as documentary as Noujaim pretends or, perhaps, believes. It seems selectively edited to make Americans look naively optimistic in contrast with their sophisticated, world-weary Arab counterparts. More than this, it trades almost exclusively in disquieting images. We watch with growing repugnance G.I.'s screaming nonstop vulgarities as they hector Iraqi women, many of them stumbling, some fainting as they rush confusedly from their homes in their floor-length robes. We never learn what occasions these roustings. Not surprisingly, the film specializes in T.V. footage of wounded children bleeding through gore-sopped bandages. An angry man in a blood-soaked white shirt shouts at the camera: *Is this America's idea of liberation?* We watch captured American soldiers nervously face the camera and assure their Sunni jailers that they were only following orders when they came to Iraq. There is no doubt that Noujaim's selectivity is biased. There are, after all, sunnier images she might have shown. But she seems content to let CentCom handle that side of the propaganda war. As Lt. Josh Rushing, a CentCom press officer, puts it in a conversation with an Arab journalist, Al Jazeera is the Arab Fox News. (What's most encouraging about this film is the way American and Arab journalists are shown talking, arguing, and sometimes agreeing with one another.)

On one subject, Noujaim's film is manifestly balanced. She includes Al Jazeera's footage of Iraqi and American corpses in roughly equal numbers. When CentCom complains that airing these images breaches journalistic etiquette, the Arab broadcasters respond that it is essential to show people what is happening so they can make up their own minds. Fair enough, but this response underscores the need to recognize what Noujaim has carefully left out of her film: an honest statement of her intentions.

An Al Jazeera journalist named Hassan Ibrahim, formerly of the BBC and married to a British correspondent, is franker about what Al Jazeera is up to. He says he believes in America and her people, and, because he does, he is convinced Americans will finally stop their government's cruel folly in Iraq once they clearly see the suffering it is causing. He is probably right. Unlike earlier conquerors, we do not have the stomach to prosecute our imperial will. We might want the rest of the world to submit to our vision of the good life, but we are not ready to gaze on the carnage necessary to enforce such compliance. It is the lesson of Vietnam. In the age of television—and now the internet—the discomfiting images are going to get through no matter who controls the media control rooms.

I wonder how the homebodies in 12th-century-B.C. Sparta and Athens would have felt about the Trojan War had they been able to watch Agamemnon and Achilles slaughtering Priam's sons on television. Perhaps their warrior code and their penchant for dismissing womanish alarms would have defended them from squeamish second thoughts. Perhaps they could have watched with equanimity all that blood drench the ringing plains of windy Troy in the cause of honor, booty, and Zeus's errant daughter. We, on the other hand, have no martial fortitude. We quake and quiver at the first sight of shattered limbs, scorched corpses, and wailing children. If the new Iraqi government that we are supporting does not take hold quickly, I am afraid Ibrahim's forecast will prove true. The American *vox populi* will force our stalwart leaders to withdraw our troops. This will happen slowly and ignominiously, leaving behind an Arab warrior culture encouraged to plot ever-more-glorious *jihads* against an America they perceive to be weak and irresolute. ◁▷



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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The Machine in the Desert

How many years has it been since I became acquainted with Moab, Utah? More than I had realized, apparently. When I first saw the place, a room at the Canyonlands Motel cost $19.95 per night, I recall, and you could get breakfast at the motel's cafeteria, pleasantly located in the shade of a hoary cottonwood tree, for $2.25. The motel has long since been knocked down, the tree uprooted, and you can wait as long as 40 minutes for a breakfast seating at any restaurant in town. Who's surprised? Though it seems like the day before yesterday, June 1980 has fallen into the past by nearly a quarter-century.

Even in the 80's, I used to avoid Easter week in Moab for the jeep safari and, later, the mountain bikers down from Salt Lake City. In those days, the jeepers were countable in dozens rather than by the hundreds, while the bikers, though annoying, were half female, eye-catching in their tight, bright Lycra pants, and wonderfully *silent* on their motorless machines. The mountain bikers have been largely displaced over the past ten years by the dirt bikers—not just a different breed but almost a different species—whose delight is not in physical exertion and peace (of a sort) but bodily inertia and ear-splitting noise. As the pre-Christian Easter was a ritual celebration of the forces of natural rebirth and renewal, post-Christian Easter in the American Southwest recognizes and aggressively affirms the triumph of the machine over nature, and even man. And then, it has to rub it in.

Overnight, the tethered horses had spread a mess of hay and manure in the midst of so much custom-painted and hand-polished steel parked around the Virginian Motel at the end of a side street a block away from the main drag. My wife and I ate a bad breakfast costing $15 at a restaurant whose sole virtue was a deservedly short waiting line, went for groceries and two cases of three-two beer at the supermarket, and stopped at a farm-and-ranch-supply store for a new halter and lead to replace the ones the mare had ruined in her escape from elk camp the year before. Secure within cast-iron tubs warmed by heat lamps, a couple of dozen spring chicks played and peeped contentedly. The red slickrock wall was misting again as we left Moab on Highway 191, and a soft rain fell. "I'll take a beer now," I suggested to Maureen. Playing by Mormon rules means never having to feel guilty about anything, including taking a "drink" before noon.

Alpine storms tented the peaks of the La Sal Mountains in snow clouds, while the desert below, despite the several years' drought, looked green and refreshed; thin sheets of water glistened in the arroyos. Around Wilson Arch, the sky cleared above the plateau, revealing the Abajo Mountains 25 miles away to the southwest across the sagebrush plain, a tall blue island bisected laterally by a storm of its own making. At Church Rock, we turned west and began the long descent to Indian Creek, on its way around the mountains to the Colorado River beneath Island in the Sky. They had done some work to the Dugout Ranch in the past year; this afternoon, the hands were burning piled brush between the irrigated fields. After Charley Redd (an old friend of Ed Abbey's) signed over the ranch to his wife as part of their divorce settlement, the former Mrs. Redd ran the place by herself for some years, before selling off most of the land to the Nature Conservancy under an arrangement that permits her to continue to operate the place as a working ranch. We crossed the mouth of Lavender Canyon, with its view south to Cathedral Butte standing majestically above the distant head wall, and passed beneath the crimson Six Shooter Peaks ensconced on their triangular bases of red talus. At the Lockhart Trail turnoff, a retired couple stood beside their camper to read the government sign posted there.

"There may be a problem getting off by ourselves," I warned Maureen. "We're in a narrow corridor between the park and private lands, managed by the BLM, which doesn't impose a lot of rules and regulations regarding use. That means everyone and his three wives, plus their extended families, want to camp here, along with all their gear. The way the place fills up in Easter week, you'd think the Mormons celebrated the Resurrection. Of course, they have the Easter Bunny. You couldn't ask for a better fertility symbol than that, could you?"

The washboard road ran a couple of miles across the gently rolling plateau and began the descent to Indian Creek. Trails diverged among the juniper trees and eroded sandstone cliffs toward improvised campsites half buried by the deep red sands only slightly less fine than talcum powder. Here and there a camper trailer showed, tucked against a cliff wall or within a grove of trees: not much population—yet—to speak of.

"Today's only Tuesday," I said. "Or else—who knows? It could be the herd's moved down to Grand Gulch, or somewhere, these last few years. In there among those rocks looks like a good place for someone to put a Winnebago. *Vivo jo!* as they say in South America. First come, first settled—it's the law of the Old West. Anyone wants to dispute it with us, we have the firepower to take him on."

I drew the horses from the trailer by their tails, snubbed them to the tie rings beside the rear doors, and dragged over a bail of hay from the truck box. Together, Maureen and I raised camp, dug a pit, and gathered wood for a fire. The canyon was scavenged as thoroughly as India or the Sudan, and we spent nearly an hour accumulating enough fuel for the evening meal. Fortunately, I had the white-gas Dragonfly stove along for a backup. When everything was fixed, I saddled the mare and rode out from camp, leaving Maureen seated with her book in a canvas chair and leading the gelding on a ten-foot rope I held coiled in my gloved hand.

The weather had passed away to the east, along with the afternoon, and the sky showed a soft spring blue above the slickrock cliffs, glowing in hues of rose and yellow in the horizontal light of the low-down sun. The sun burned on my cheek below the brim of my straw hat and on the

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backs of my hands holding the reins, but the downhill twilight breeze was pleasantly cool. The gelding, remembering, and scenting water now, pushed ahead on his lead, nearly uncontrollable without the bit in his mouth. I wrangled him back and kicked the mare into a trot as Indian Creek swung into view below us around a bend in the road, running slow but sure within green margins of aspen and tamarisk. Years ago, I used to strip to my shorts and gallop bareback for a half-mile in the sandy riverbed, through silver sprays of water. Tomorrow, perhaps—assuming a warm April sun overhead and not a lot of company arrived down here by then.

The horses stood with their noses together in the stream, sucking up water with a deep interior rumbling sound. Back at camp, I gave them a measure of grain and went to pour drinks for the human members of the expedition. Seated together in comfortable chairs beside the pale flames of a climbing fire, my wife and I drank wine while the opposing cliffs flamed with color, the shadow in our private canyon deepened, and a pair of ravens performed an aerial show in the purpling sky overhead.

"Are you feeling all right?" I asked Maureen.

"I'm fine! I feel much more relaxed here than I did last year. It's easier for me when we aren't camped in the middle of nowhere, away from civilization, the way we were the other time."

"It's the middle of nowhere that's civilization, actually."

"Anyhow—I don't think I'm going to take a sleeping pill tonight."

"That's good. By the end of the camping season, the only pill you'll need will be the stars overhead, the good earth beneath your sleeping bag, and the joyous squeak of bats in the darkness."

"You mean, there are bats *here*—in this place, too?"

In the morning, I watered the horses at the creek and rode out from camp again on the mare, leaving the gelding pawing the sand behind the trailer and neighing shrilly, at intervals. From the top of the bluff, we paused for a look down into camp, where Maureen sat peacefully reading while the horse ran back and forth at the end of his lead. Then I turned the protesting mare's nose away from the canyon, toward the high desert stretching west to a horizon formed by some of the most fantastically beautiful country on earth.

Before we had traveled a quarter-mile, we had passed, the mare and I, from the Mormon playground on Indian Creek into another dimension—completely removed from the human world by the pressing wind, the circling space, the howling silence of the slickrock desert—underfoot, the sand, the blackbrush, the prickly pear in flower; around, the circle of red plateau cut by arroyos and dotted with the dark juniper trees; beyond, in a sweep of 360 degrees, an arrangement of mountains, cliffs, buttes, and gnomons, like compass points in bar relief on an ornate circular map beneath a shiny tumultous sky. A mile and a half out, at the 11 o'clock position, an outcrop of rock and trees broke through the desert floor. I heeled the mare in both flanks, and we were off across the sands like Bedouins, the horse as responsive to the reins as a sports car as we dodged among rocks and cacti, and seeming nearly as well suspended over the resilient ground. We arrived at the outcrop at a gallop, veered hard right, and galloped on toward purple distant cliffs carved in the plateau by a tributary of Indian Creek. The fresh wind, compounded by our own velocity, chilled the sunshine, leaving the mare unsweated and still frisky after a run of several miles as we approached camp at a trot. I slowed her as the unshod hooves struck rimrock and drew rein at the cliff's edge to wave my hat to Maureen below. The gelding, spying us in silhouette against the sky, shrieked once—his eager cry insufficiently strong to cover a sound of greater intensity still, as alien and distressing as the neigh of a horse is natural and consoling. *bbrrUMM-puh-puhpuhpuhpuhpuhpuh-bRUM-RUM-RUM-puhpuhpuhpuhpuh*. . . . The Easter Riders were arriving at last, almost up to full throttle already.

We eyed each other resentfully, the Mormon party and we, as Maureen and I gave the sun a helping boost over the yardarm by uncorking a magnum of red wine. They wanted our space; we wanted our solitude. It was a family reunion, apparently: the obligatory Winnebago with dirtbike trailer attached, surrounded by three or four pickup trucks, also towing trailers, and several sedans. Every adult had his own bike; so did the six or seven pre-adolescent kids, each dressed in complete outfits that included striped pants and crash helmets. For the next two days, the human ability to walk seemed to have been suspended. Everybody *rode*—and rode noplace: up, down, and around, wherever virgin sand stretched, in however small a spot, like alpine skiers seeking fresh powder. *bbrrRUM-puhpuhpuh-puhpuh-bRUM-RUM-RUM—RUUUM!* But skiers are not entirely mindless. Almost the whole aim of modern *globalpolitik* is to maintain and protect an idiotic way of life. For *bbRUM-bRUM!*, hundreds of thousands have already perished, and thousands are dying now. And just wait until the credit empire that is its other support crashes. I hope to be off in the wilderness somewhere with a horse, a rifle, a frying pan, my wife, and a case of whiskey when that happens.

We stood it for 48 hours then struck camp, packed it into the truck, and pulled out, leaving piles of horse manure and trampled hay where the Winnebago was going to go. Emboldened by our imminent departure, the bikes swarmed closer and closer like angry asteroids, looking for something to impact and destroy. It was Holy Saturday anyhow, and we had to be at Mass in Cortez, Colorado, by 9:30 the next morning.

Whoever knows the Rocky Mountains knows also that, out here, snow on Easter Sunday is certain as death and taxes. Maureen and I awoke next morning in a Cortez motel room, surrounded by the camp gear and horse tack we had dragged inside to protect them overnight from prowling Utes from the nearby reservation, to discover several inches of wet snow on the ground and the cliffs behind Mesa Verde shrouded in cloud. Mass at St. Margaret Mary Church, where a pianist played what sounded like cocktail bar music throughout the Consecration (and elsewhere), failed to elevate our spirits. We got on the road, finally, after eating a surprisingly satisfactory Easter dinner at a chain restaurant (all the local places were closed) across the street from the motel, and caught up with the snowstorm on the mountain pass between Cortez and Durango. It was snowing hard again at Pagosa Springs, where I made a decision against pulling horses over Wolf Creek Pass (elevation 10,850 feet) and in favor of detouring south to the Spanish village of Chama, New Mexico, where we spent Easter night trapped between two snowed-up passes, in bed together in a primitive motel room at the edge of town, surfing across the four or five accessible channels on an ancient television set.

There are times when belief in the possibility even for natural rebirth and renewal seems as much an act of faith as the glorious fact of the Resurrection Itself. ◁▷

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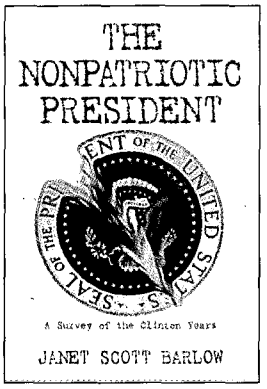

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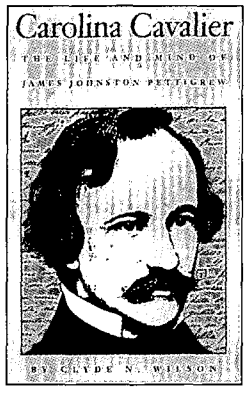

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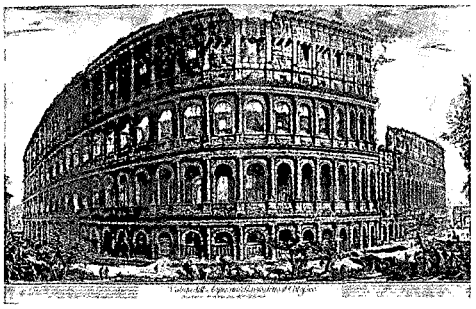
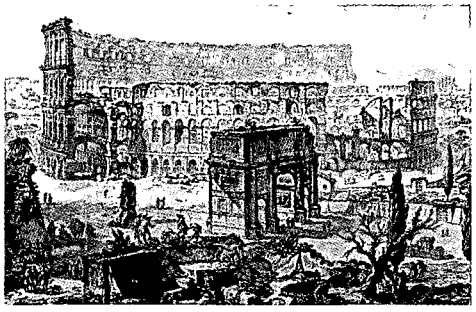
How Republics Perish, Then and Now

(Rome, January 2005)





No republic provided more inspiration to the Framers of the Constitution than the Roman republic, yet even this greatest of republics succumbed to the consequences of empire-building. Is it too late for Americans to draw lessons from the passing of the Roman republic? Readings for this Convivium will include Cicero, Catullus, and Machiavelli, whose reflections on the Roman republic deserve as much attention as his more widely known *Prince*. Guided visits to the Roman Forum and other archeological sites in and near Rome will be conducted by Dr. Thomas Fleming. Special bonus tours of early Christian Rome will be led by architect and theologian Dr. James Patrick, provost of the College of St. Thomas More in Fort Worth. In addition to hotel lodging, inexpensive convent lodging will be available for students and budget-minded travelers.

Walter Scott *Versus* the Scottish Enlightenment

(Edinburgh, May/June 2005)

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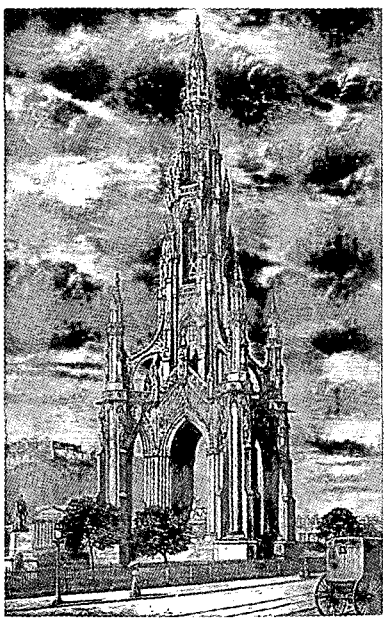

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Islam is doubtless the greatest threat to Western civilization, but it is not the only one. Today, China is an economic threat; tomorrow, a military one. Cultural afflictions from "gay marriage" to anti-Christian hate groups are destroying us from within. Today, would the heroes of the Alamo find the civilization they died to defend?

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